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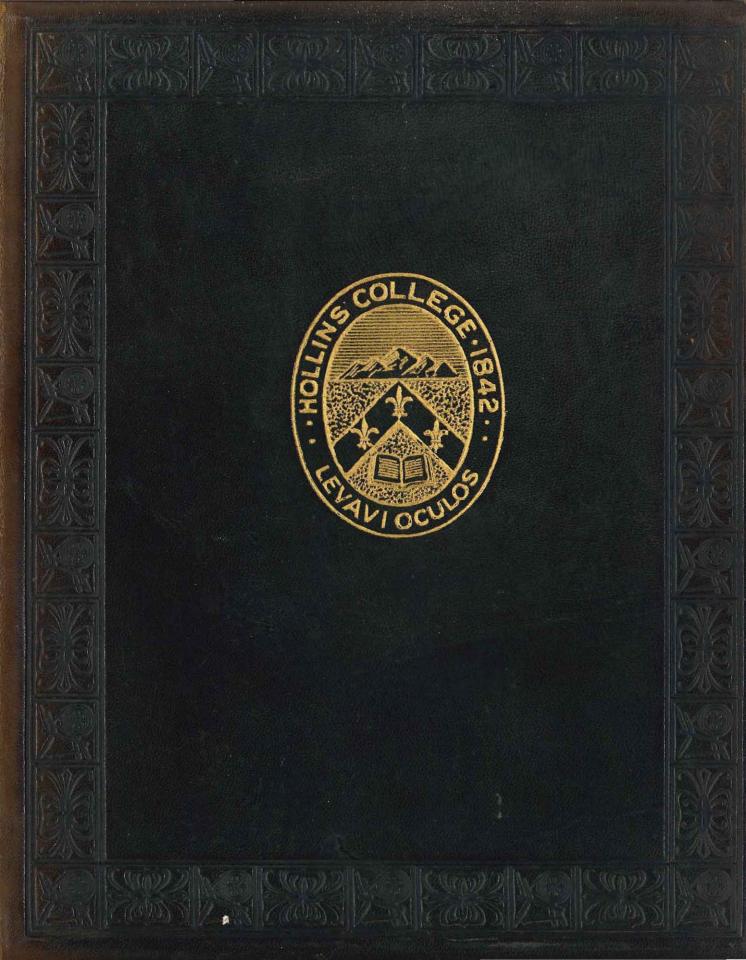
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The SPINSTER



Where singleness is bliss, 'Tis folly to be wives

EDITED BY

The Students of Pollins College

VIRGINIA

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FOURTEEN

ERICH RATH

Dedication
To Brich Rath

Here is The Spinster. ZZIe give it with Our Love to you. You will find in it no Masterpieces, but perhaps it may Contain some little things that will bring a bit of Dleasure to your life. There are a few bright Memories of the year, a few of our preams come true, and a little of the Toy and Thope we have Found along the Shining Dath that leads through this Hand of Mollins. Telle would like to have You Know that as we go out on the broad Mighway of Tife we shall not forget one who has brought so much Mision and Dower into our College Mife. Songs you have taught us will Itise often to our lips, and our Wearts will turn back to you for Courage. It is easy to feel sure that You will not fail us, because we have Tearned to know that we can Took always to You for a Cheerful smile when the day is dark, for a strong, steady hand to guide us Straight when the Dath is obscure, and most of all, for a Zotonderful Melief in us and in the success of every Good thing. But, after all, we

can say so little of what You really Mean to us. Wet this Wook, at least. Tell you this one thing that is sure: In our Mollins Wife one great joy has been our

Misic Master.





SPINSTER STAFF



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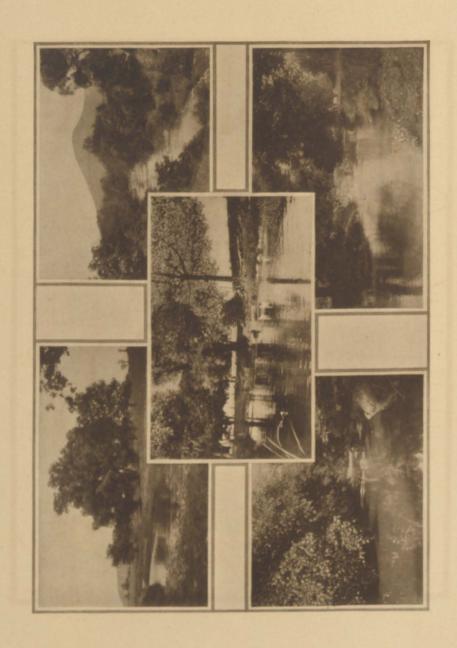
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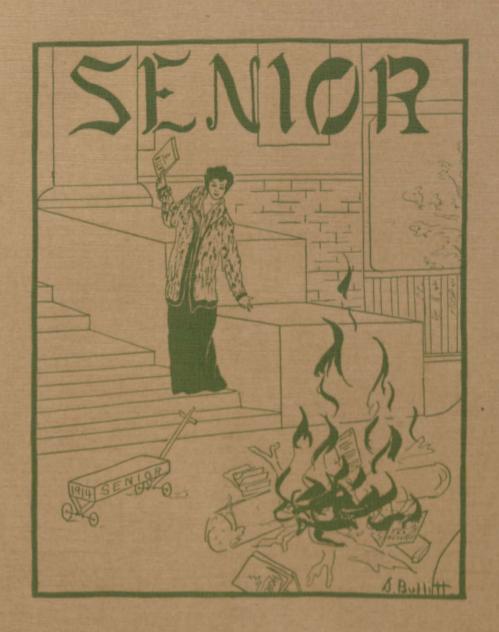
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> MISS LUCIE P. STONE Chaperon

MRS. A. C. BOOZER

Housekeeper







Levavimus Oculos

Ere we leave thy loved halls, our Hollins—
Ere our faces we turn to the West,
Where life waits with we know not what duty,
Save the one to live for the best,
Save to turn every shadow to beauty
And to strive toward yon mountain's far crest—
Ere we leave with their joys and small sorrows
The days that the past years have brought,
We would stop, as we pass to strange morrows,
And seize from our passing a thought.

Our minds heavy in self-loving sleep,
Thou hast shamed and challenged, arise!
Thou hast bidden of learning drink deep—
To the great in the past turned our eyes.

By our friendships our lives will be moulded, By the ties of companionship bound. These wonders our days here enfolded, With them will the future be crowned. Thy valleys of shadows and sunlight,
Thy hills, with their soft curving slopes,
The glory of dawn and of twilight,
Have fashioned our firm-rooted hopes.

When our spirits discouraged rebelled
At our lot, our proneness to fall,
To the love of life's duty compelled
By thy spirit, we answered the call.

With our hearts to thee high in praise lifted,
With our steps toward the life which awaits,
We now turn, and with dim eyes salute thee,
Ere we find ourselves leaving thy gates.
As thy hills fain would teach us, we now see
In clear vision, the valley spread wide.
Oh, keep us, we pray thee, e'er loyal
To Truth, for whatever betide
We must cling to our heritage royal.
Oh, give to us, Life, each our task,
And be it for service we pray,
A work that is worthy, we dare ask—
Let us lift up our eyes to-day.

MARGUERITE HEARSEY.

The Journey of 1914

The borders of the country called Hollins in the Land of Knowledge there appeared, at the beginning of the present era, on the first of the four great boundary lines which must be crossed if you would plod toward the City of A. B., a nomad tribe, gathering unto itself fellow journeyers from all parts of the world, bearing names of the distant tribes from which they had become separated. They were a mixed tribe of people, coming from various clans and descended from ancestors of many different bloods. Their form of government was tribal largely, and they dwelt temporarily in any situations unclaimed by previously established tribes. In regard to stature it is necessary to take into consideration the point of view; as seen by the dwellers in any of the three adjoining countries they were exceedingly small, appearing wellnigh dwarfish in height, but to themselves they look as giants.

There came Hall from Tennessee, elected Chieftain, Watson from South Carolina, Hearsey from New Jersey, Bell from Pennsylvania, Martin from West Virginia, Smith from Kentucky, Pepper from North Carolina, Stearnes from Virginia, and Angier from Illinois. These were joined by two others, Camp from Florida, and Muse from Georgia, who had been journeying for a year previously but had cast their lot in with no other tribe.

Various aspects of this new-found country of Hollins were unfolded to the Tribe of 1914 as they plodded step by step across the rocky roadways of Freshman Land. One tribe which had progressed as far as the boundaries of the Juniors reached back a helping hand to supervise the organization of their government, to point out the pitfalls, and guide them on the road toward the opposite borders. The friendliness and assistance of this other tribe made the journey more easy and pleasant, and spurred the new tribe on in efforts to reach eventually the country in which these dwelt.

The tribe in the adjoining province, however, was warlike and thoroughly antagonistic. There was a tower in the land of which each strove to gain possession that their banner might float from its summit, the high-

est point in all the country round about. The historic battle had always been fought on the anniversary of the birth of the first Ruler of the Realm; in this siege the new tribe was easily victorious. Continual border warfare was waged with the neighboring enemy until the final and decisive battle was fought on the field known as Debate. The leaders of the Army of 1914 were Hall, Hearsey, and Muse. These warriors fought bravely, the battle was long waged and victory uncertain, but the forces of 1913 were finally decided victorious. The defeat did not rout the younger army; they redoubled their forces with valor to push on to the distant city.

A year of tedious journeying brought this tribe to the border of Sophomore Land. Hall, Pepper, and Smith had deserted but here a new traveler, just entering the Land of Hollins, caught up with them—Boswell of Virginia.

The journey across Sophomore Land was comparatively uneventful, the road was steep and rough and the travelers oft grew weary but, always with the distant city ahead, they took fresh courage and toiled on, led now by Hearsey.

The customary battle for the tower was hard fought, lasting continuously through an entire night, and sunrise on the following morning revealed the red and white banner of 1914 floating from the stronghold.

The Tribe of 1912, which had ever been so friendly, had now reached Senior Land and was about to go forth into the Great World which lies on the other side of the city. It was the privilege of 1914 to offer them a farewell feast, and to bear for them the daisy chain, the time-honored link which binds each departing tribe to this land which they are leaving behind.

* * * * * *

At the beginning of the third year of their journey, stretched out before them lay that country known as Junior Land. The city was now almost in view, and the Tribe of 1914, choosing as their Chieftain Camp, brought forth every effort to continue along the roadway valiantly and with honor. Again they were joined by another traveler, Watkins of Louisiana; and the ten, now firmly united as the Tribe of 1914, remained unbroken evermore.

About midway across Junior Land the Tribe was accorded what no other tribe before had ever been able to obtain—Junior privileges. This made them more independent and their journey grew more pleasant.

The annual battle for the tower was far more fierce than in previous years. Strategy prevailed and fighting was largely from ambush; great damage was done as the conflicting troops pillaged the country and demolished property. The tower was taken by the enemy but the methods of warfare used caused a decree to be issued by the Monarch of the Realm that the tower should be torn down and cast away, and nevermore such battles fought within her kingdom.

From time to time during this year the Tribe of 1914 assumed forms and characters other than their own. On the night after the last great battle chronicled above they appeared as Maidens of Valley Union Seminary, as Hollins was known when the first ruler assumed power in 1846. Later on in the year they assumed the form of Minstrels, and set out to entertain the other dwellers in Hollins Land. The performances savored strongly of peanuts, and "purple cows" loomed large in the distance, but sh!—this was a dark page in the history of 1914; we turn it over and close it with a tear and a smile.

* * * * * *

And finally the travelers reached the boundary of Senior Land, across which stands clearly outlined against the sky the great City of A. B. Thought of turning back never entered their heads from this time on and, with Muse as their final Chieftain, the goal drew ever nearer.

It was upon entering this territory that the Tribe first had a fixed dwelling place of its own and ceased to live a nomad life. In this dwelling, known as Senior Parlor, the travelers gathered after days of tedious journeying for more toiling or for revels, the memories of which will always live with each one.

The spirit of warfare would not be drowned by the abolition of the Tower Battle, but sought fresh outlet on the field of Basket-Ball. A challenge was sent to the adjoining tribe in Junior Land and eagerly accepted, and meetings were held under a flag of truce. But the old warriors decided to hand their right of open battle down to the younger tribes of 1916 and 1917.

Undaunted by shades of former failure, another attempt at enter-

24

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tainment was made and the play known as "The Amazons" presented. The "purple cow" was slain forever for, according to the votes of the other inhabitants, this trial was a triumph.

The anniversary of Founder's Day dawned peacefully and clear, with not even a rumor of battle. Alas, there was no tower! But joy filled the hearts of the travelers as they thought over their life in the Land of Hollins, and a mighty desire to tell their joys to younger tribes took possession of them.

"For 't is joy, joy, joy,
And laughter all along,
That makes us bright and merry
And keeps us young."

In return for the happiness which Hollins had brought to them they considered it their joy to give something to their Alma Mater, and so they pledged to the Endowment Fund, so nobly inaugurated by the Tribe of 1913, the sum of five hundred dollars.

Many have been the honors and responsibilities accorded warriors of this Tribe as they journeyed through Hollins Land. The Chief Editorship of the Magazine of the Realm fell to Hearsey in her Sophomore and Junior years, and to Bell, Boswell, and Watkins in their Senior year. Camp was made President of the Y. W. C. A.; Watson and Martin have each been Business Manager of YE SPINSTER; and the championship cup for basket-ball has for three years past been won by the Tribe of Mohican Indians, who for two years chose Muse for their Captain and for the third Angier.

Through all the four years there has been one whose counsel and kindly interest have smoothed the rough places and guided them straight toward the city. They owe much and would give much of gratitude and love to their faithful Sponsor, Miss Snead.

And now the City, once distant, is little more than a day's journey, and the Tribe of 1914 is happy to have attained it, and yet they see beyond the City a great world, stretching on and on past the far horizon, and they look back with sadness in leaving the Land of Hollins, and still they feel a great joy in going forth into that greater world with the duty and the privilege of proving themselves worthy warriors of the land through which they have journeyed.





Motto "Ready for All Things"

Colors

Flower

Maroon and White

Red Carnation

Yell

Skinny marink, skinny maroar, Skinny marinky, dinky doar, One, nine, one, four, Senior!

Officers

.Presiden
e President
Treasurer
. Historian
Poel
Prophe
y Member
1

THE SPINSTER-1914



WILLIE HOWARD MUSE

Atlanta, Georgia

Entered 1909

 Φ M; Euepian; Mohican Team, 1909-11;
 Captain Mohican Team, 1911-13; Y. W.
 C. A. Cabinet, 1911-13; Assistant Business Manager Magazine, 1911-12; Business Manager Magazine, 1912-13; SPINSTER Staff, 2013 1913-14; Preparatory Department 1909-10; Secretary and Treasurer Freshman Class; Vice President Sophomore Class; President Senior Class; Captain Freshman Team in Freshman-Sophomore Debate; Secretary Eue-pian Lée Evening, 1912-13; Vice President Georgia Club, 1910-11 and 1912-13; President Atlanta Club, 1913-14; Cotillion Club, D-R-A-G-O-N, Joker, Dramatic Club.



MARY ESTELLE ANGIER

Chicago, Illinois

Entered 1910

K Δ; Euzelian; Mohican Team, 1910-13; Captain Mohican Team, 1913-14; Choir, 1910-14; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1913-14; SPINSTER Staff, 1911-14; President Yankee Club, 1912-14; Secretary Illinois Club, 1910-11; President Illinois Club, 1911-13; Assistant Chairman Athletic Association, 1911-12; Chairman Athletic Association, 1911-12; Chairman Athletic Association, 1912-13; Librarian Glee Club, 1911-13; President Glee Club, 1913-14; Vice President Euzelian Open Meeting, 1913-14; Secretary and Treasurer Sophomore Class; Vice President Senior Class; President Tramp Club, 1912-13; Dramatic Club; Secretary Cotillion Club,







MARTHA EDWARDS WATSON Johnston, South Carolina Entered 1910

Euzelian; Secretary South Carolina Club, 1912-13; Business Manager Spinster, 1912-13; Treasurer Euzelian, 1913-14; President South Carolina Club, 1913-14; Secretary and Treasurer Senior Class; President Euzelian Open Meeting, 1913-14; Captain Euzelian Team in Inter-Society Debate, 1913-14.





MARGARET LEE BOSWELL Chase City, Virginia Entered 1911

Φ M Γ; Euzelian; Virginia Club; Joker; Treasurer Junior Class; SPINSTER Staff, 1912-13; Financial Secretary Euzelian, 1913-14; Chairman Program Committee Euzelian, 1913-14; Historian Senior Class; Editor-in-Chief Magazine, 1913-14; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1913-14.



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MARGUERITE CAPEN HEARSEY
East Orange, New Jersey
Entered 1910

Σ Σ Σ; Euepian; T-A-R; T-S-O; Yemassee Team, 1910-14; Member Freshman Team in Freshman-Sophomore Debate, 1910-11; President Sophomore Class; Editor-in-Chief Magazine, 1911-13; Magazine Staff, 1913-14; Executive Council, 1911-14; President Lee Evening, 1912-13; Secretary Y. W. C. A., 1912-13; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1913-14; Senior Class Poet; Chairman Student Association, 1913-14; Captain Euepian Team in Inter-Society Debate, 1913-14.





MARY ELLEN WATKINS Minden, Louisiana Entered 1909

Euzelian; Secretary and Treasurer Freshman Class, 1909-10; Secretary and Treasurer Sophomore Class, 1910-11; President Louisiana Club, 1909-13; Prophet Senior Class; Yemassee Team, 1913-14; Magazine Staff, 1912-13; Editor-in-Chief Magazine, 1913-14.





BESSIE TAYLOR MARTIN
Parkersburg, West Virginia
Entered 1910

K Δ; Euepian; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1912-14; Assistant Business Manager Spinster, 1912-13; Business Manager Spinster, 1913-14; Vice President Junior Class; Librarian of Glee Club; Secretary West Virginia Club, 1912-13; Vice President West Virginia Club, 1911-12; President West Virginia Club, 1913-14; Executive Council, 1913-14.



CONSTANCE STEARNES
Salem, Virginia
Entered 1910

Φ M; Euzelian; Virginia Club; D-R-A-G-O-N; Choir; Glee Club; Magazine Staff, 1913-14.





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EDNA TODD BELL Indiana, Pennsylvania Entered 1910

Euepian; Yankee Club; Choir; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, 1912-13; Treasurer Y. W. C. A., 1913-14; President Pennsylvania Club, 1912-14; President Glee Club, 1912-13; Secretary Student Association, 1912-13; Magazine Staff, 1912-13; Editor-in-Chief Magazine, 1913-14; Member Euepian Team in Inter-Society Debate, 1913-14.



ELIZABETH BRETT CAMP White Springs, Florida Entered 1909

K Δ; Euepian; Preparatory Department, 1909-10; Mohican Team, 1909, 1910, 1913; Treasurer Y. W. C. A., 1911-12; Vice President Y. W. C. A., 1912-13; President Y. W. C. A., 1913-14; SPINSTER Staff, 1912-13; Magazine Staff, 1913-14; Executive Council, 1913-14; President Junior Class; Florida Club; T-S-O.





M THE SPINSTER-1914 19



Motto

To Create Light

Flower Yellow Rose Colors

Black and Gold

Mascot Black Cat

Officers

GLADY	s Jamison	V			 	*					*	 						*					President
ANNIE	Housma	N		. ,			 	*	*				*	 					 	*	V	ice	President
MARY	LAYMAN											 					 			. ,	*		Secretary
BESSIE	COCKE			. ,			 	×					×		×		 *		 			x 5	Treasurer

Sponsors

MISS MARY WILLIAMSON

MISS GERALDINE MORROW



UNIOR CLAS

Junior Class

EUNICE ANDERSON
EUGENIA BARRINGER
CARRIE BURTON
BESSIE COCKE
EDNA DAWSON
BERENICE FORD
ANNIE HOUSMAN
GLADYS JAMISON
MARY LAYMAN
DABNEY MOON"Dunlora," Charlottesville, Virginia 4 M; D-R-A-G-O-N; Magazine Staff; Secretary Virginia Club; Euepian.
ANNA MUCKLEROY

M THE SPINSTER-1914



DOROTHY MAYO1258	Wilson Avenue, Chicago, Illinois
Δ T B; T-A-R; Masker; Euepian; Choir; Glee Club	Mohican Team; SPINSTER
Staff; Vice President on Lee Evening; Night Hawk	L.

ГОП; D-R-A-G-O-N; Mummy; Magazine Staff; Euepian; Secretary Euepian Lee Evening: Member Euepian Team in Inter-Society Debate, 1913-14; Masker; Leader Mohican Rooters; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.

DOROTHY STARKEWEATHER......30 Oakland Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J. Euepian.

Euzelian; Secretary and Treasurer South Carolina Club; Striker.

SPONSORS

MISS MARY WILLIAMSON

MISS GERALDINE MORROW









Flower Daisy Colors

Garnet and Gold

Motto Per Aspera ad Astra

BEATRICE RANDOLPH	BOSLEY	 	 	. President
GLADYS SCALING		 	 Vice	President
ALMA NIX		 	 .Secretary and	Treasurer



OPHOMORE CLA

M THE SPINSTER-1914 19

Sophomore Class

CORNELIA ALDERSON
BEATRICE BOSLEY
ALICE BUCKNER
HELEN BURNETTSpartanburg, South Carolina Φ M Γ ; Euzelian; South Carolina Club.
KATHARINE CAHOON
NELL CAVE
ESTHER COX
MARY BELLE CULROSS
KATHLEEN FINLEY
GLADYS GORMAN
MARGARET GRAVATTHollins, Virginia
MARGARET HOWARD315 North 14th Street, Mt. Vernon, Illinois Φ Μ Γ; Sophomore Team; Magazine Staff; Yankee Club; Euzelian.

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TRGINIA JENKS
LEANOR KENT
ESSIE MONROE
LMA NIX
ATHARINE PARK
ATHERINE PHILSON
LADYS SCALING
RENE SIBERT
LMA STANWORTH

Sponsor

MISS MAMIE SINGLETON

Flower Yellow Rose Colors

Black and Gold

Motto

Mascot

Strive, and hold cheap the strain.

Black Cat

Officers

MARY BUCKING	НАМ						* 1				 						*		. President
KATHARINE JUL	KINS							 *					 		*:			Vice	President
JULE BULLITT							¥ %				 		 			 *	*		. Secretary
MARY THAMES		 	*	 		. ,			*			* 1		*					Treasurer

Roll

REBAH ARMISTEAD......Churchland, Virginia Ф М Г; Euzelian; Masker; Mummy; Yemassee Team; Freshman Team; Virginia

Euepian; Yankee Club; Vice President Maryland Club.

BEULAH BENNETT.......2702 Olive Street, St. Joseph, Missouri Euepian; Glee Club.

Euzelian; Yankee Club.

LOUISE BRECK......Bloomfield, New Jersey Yankee Club.

Ф M; Euzelian; D-R-A-G-O-N; Mummy; Masker; J-U-G; I-M-P; К I; Pyramid.



JULE BULLITT
MARGARET COLWELL
MARIAN CARMICHAEL
GLADYS CROWDER
ESTELLE DUFFY
ALLIE FECHTIG
HARRIET GIBSON
JUSTINE GILDER
FRANCES GRAVATT
ELIZABETH HARMAN
ELLA HAYNSWORTH
SUZETTE HENRY
JOSEPHINE HIPKINS
EDNA HURM
JEROME JOHNSON
BIRDIE JACKSONBaltimore, Maryland Maryland Club; Euzelian.
KATHARINE JUDKINS
HELEN McCOY

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VIRGINIA MILTON
RUTH MONROEBrookneal, Virginia
MARGARET OWENS
MARGARET PRIEUR
Virginia Club.
HELEN RHORERAtlanta, Georgia
B Σ O; Euzelian; Glee Club; Vice President Gate City Club; Sphinx; Striker.
ELLEN ROGERS
Φ M Γ; Euepian; Yankee Club; D-I.
ALLENE RUDOLF
Φ M Γ; Euzelian.
MARGARET SAWYER
ΓO II; Euzelian; D-I.
MARY SHAW
ФМГ; Euzelian; Tar Heel Club; Glee Club.
HELEN SHEFFIELD
Euzelian; Yankee Club.
JENNIE SNEAD
ГОП; Euzelian; Honorary Sun-Beam; Virginia Club.
ROSE SPARROWMartinsville, Virginia
ФМГ; Virginia Club.
KATHLEEN VANN
Euzelian; Florida Club.
KATHLEEN WATKINSTroutville, Virginia
Euzelian; Virginia Club.
ANNA WHITNER
ROSE COX
Euzelian; Virginia Club; Glee Club.
MARGARET KING
Euepian; Vice President Mississippi Club.
MARY THAMESTaylor, Texas
Ф M; Texas Club; Treasurer Freshman Class; Glee Club; Choir; Euepian; Striker.

Sponsor

MISS ALMA BOYD

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ESTELLE BYRD
TERESA CARUTHERSMiddleport, Ohio
LUCY HUNT COFERSmithfield, Virginia Euzelian; Virginia Club.
LOUISE CURRIN
K Δ; Euzelian; Virginia Club; D-I.
ESTHER DE GRAFF
ELIZABETH DEWEESE
ALBERTA DUNCAN
MARGARET FOX
VIRGINIA FULLER
ISABEL GARRARD
RENE LEE GEBHART
MILDRED HARDWICK
AIGRETTE HART
ETHEL HUDSON
MARGARET IVEY

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ELIZABETH JONES
Euepian; Glee Club.
NORMA LYNNBay City, Texas
Texas Club.
ELENOR LYONLas Cruces, New Mexico
Mohican Team; Euepian.
VIRGINIA MARSHALLAshland, Virginia
B 2 0; Euzelian; Joker; Striker.
GERTRUDE MOLTENBirmingham, Alabama
Euepian; Alabama Club.
FAYETTE MORSE
Euepian; Glee Club; Yankee Club.
MARGARET PHILLIPSRichmond, Virginia
Euzelian; Virginia Club.
HAZEL PRIGMORE
Ф M; D-I.
DAMARUS RISNER
Tennessee Club.
VIRGIE SATTERLEE
MARGARET SHUTTEE
Euepian.
JOSEPHINE SMITH
Atlanta Club; Choir.
HELEN STARKE
Δ T B; Cotillion; Yemassee Team; Masker; Choir; Glee Club; Euzelian; Virginia
Club; S-H-S; Sphinx.
SUSIE STARKE
Δ T B; Masker; Virginia Club; Choir; Glee Club; K-I.
CORDELIA TAYLOR
ФМ Г; Euzelian; T-A-R; Glee Club.
MYRTLE TEMPLIN
Euepian; Kentucky Club.
ALBERTA THORNBURG
Euepian.
MARIA WATKINSHenderson, North Carolina
B Σ O; Cotillion; Joker; Tar Heel Club.
MARGARET WHITEFt. Wood, Chattanooga, Tennessee
Ф M; Euzelian; Tennessee Club.



MARIE ASHLEY
HELEN AYDLETTElizabeth City, North Carolina
ELIZABETH BAGBY
VIDA BELLE BAMLET
EDITH M. BARNES
RUTH BELL
HELEN BIRDSONG
MARGARET BISHOP
GRACE BLOODWORTH
ANNIE BELL BLOUNTBox 140, Elizabeth City, North Carolina Euzelian.
EDITH BOND

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MIRCIPET PORCEI
MARGARET BORDEN101 George Street, Goldsboro, North Carolina
K Δ; Euzelian; Secretary and Treasurer Tar Heel Club; Joker; Striker; J-U-G;
Choir.
MINNIE BREWER Executive Mansion, Jackson, Mississippi
Ф М Г; J-U-G; Mississippi Club.
ISABEL BRINKER
LOUISE BROADDUS
Virginia Club.
URLINE BROWN Richmond, Virginia
SUE BUCKNER
ΣΣ; Euzelian; Kentucky Club; Daring Dodger.
ALICE BURDETTE
A P; Euepian; Mohican Team; Mummy; Masker; J-U-G; I-M-P; Cotillion Club;
Yankee Club; Choir.
NANCY BUSBY
K Δ; Mummy; T-A-R; Masker; Euepian; Striker.
LOUISE CAHOON
ΣΣΣ
SARAH CAIN
Euepian; South Carolina Club.
ANNIE CAMP
BΣ 0; Euepian; Joker; A-D-A; Cotillion; Vice President Florida Club; ΦΙΛΑ;
Mohican Team; Pyramid; Midnight Scholar; A Visitor of Sunshine Family.
RUTH CAMPFranklin, Virginia
Virginia Club.
JULIA CARLTON
Virginia Club.
LUCY CARNEY
ФМГ; Captain Yemassee Team; Pyramid; A-D-A; Joker; Striker; Sunshine
Family.
MARTHA CHAMBERS
Ф M; Masker; A-D-A; Dramatic Club; Ф I A A; M-E; Pyramid; S-H-S.
RUTH CHERRY
Virginia Club.
NELL CHOATE
BΣO; Atlanta Club.
HELEN CLARK
K Δ; Euzelian; Mississippi Club.
JULIA COLEMANChurchland, Virginia
Φ M Γ; Euzelian; Virginia Club.
GERTRUDE CONN
I' O II; Masker; Euzelian; Mummy; K-I; Glee Club; Choir.
, Market, Lozenski, Monthly, 18-1; Gree Chat; Chots.

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ISABEL CRUM
Φ M; Sphinx; Alabama Club; Striker; Sunshine Family.
LOUISE CURRY
CONE CUTLER
Φ M Γ; Euzelian.
CAROL DEKLE
Φ M Γ; Euzelian; Secretary Florida Club.
EVELYN DEKLE
Φ M I'; Joker; Florida Club.
MARGARET DELK
Cotillion Club; A-D-A; Euepian; Virginia Club; Yemassee Team; M-E.
MARY LOUISE DEUTSCH
K Δ; Euzelian; Texas Club.
DOROTHY DIBRELL
K Δ; Euzelian; Texas Club.
RACHAEL DILLON
Ф М; Euzelian; Striker; Vice President Pelican Club.
HELEN DONELSON
K Δ; Euepian; Mohican Team; Masker; Tennessee Club.
ELIZABETH EDWARDS
K Δ; Euepian; Masker; A-D-A; Striker; I-M-P; Sphinx; Tennessee Club.
LOUISE ELLYSON
Virginia Club; Euepian; All-But-A-Thumb.
ELSIE EVANS
Yemassee Team; Euzelian; N-U-N.
EVELYN FISHBURNRoanoke, Virginia
Λ P; Euzelian; Virginia Club; D-I.
SARA GALE FURNISH
Euzelian; Kentucky Club.
JULIA GAITSKILLWinchester, Kentucky
Kentucky Club; N-U-N.
FRANCES GARDNER
Euepian; President Mississippi Club.
ELIZABETH GEORGE
Mississippi Club; Euepian.
ELIZABETH GRAVES
Tar Heel Club; Choir; Euepian. ETHEL GREENWALD
K Δ; Euzelian; South Carolina Club.
EVELYN HARRISON
Virginia Club.
Filgmia Ciao.

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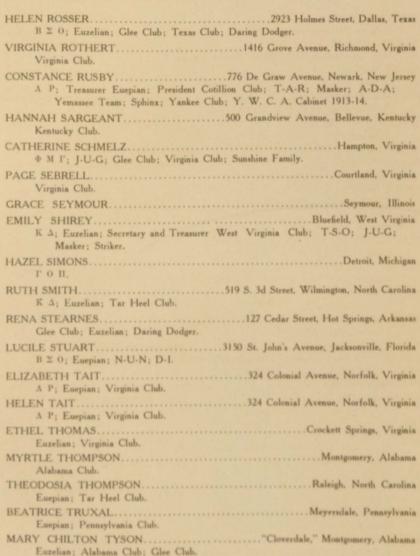
LORENE HAZELRIGG
MARJORIE HEAD
SHIRLEY HENDERSON1822 3d Street, N. E., Washington, District of Columbia
Ф М.
RUTH HERINHurtsboro, Alabama
φ M; Euzelian; Alabama Club.
LILLIAN HERRINGBox 1453, Sanford, Florida
LOIS HICKSON
Γ O Π; Cotillion Club; Sphinx; Masker; Euzelian; Virginia Club; S-H-S; K-I; M-E.
HARRIET HILL
B Σ O; Euepian; West Virginia Club; N-U-N; Choppy.
LUCY HIX
ГОП; A-D-A; J-U-G; S-H-S; Virginia Club; Pyramid.
FLETA HOLMES Care Fourth National Bank Building, Macon, Georgia
Φ M; T-A-R; J-U-G; Pyramid.
AGNES HANSON
Φ M; Euepian; Virginia Club.
MAY HYSLOPBelle Haven, Virginia
Euzelian; Virginia Club,
THELMA JAMISON
Virginia Club; Daring Dodger.
RUTH JENNINGS
Φ M; Sphinx.
VIRGINIA JONESBoyds, Maryland
Maryland Club; Euzelian.
HALLIE KELLY
Texas Club.
MARY KING
ФМГ; Atlanta Club.
LOUISE KING
B Z O; Step-Child of Sunshine Family.
ANNE LACYRoanoke, Virginia
Virginia Club.
MILDRED LEE
I' O II; Euzelian; Vice President Alabama Club; J-U-G; Sphinx; Joker; M-E.
MARION LUMMUS "Wynnton," Columbus, Georgia
Φ M; Striker; Sphinx; Sunshine Family; M-E.
EDITH McCOMBRoanoke, Virginia
Virginia Club.

JESSIE McCORKLE......Big Stone Gap, Virginia Virginia Club; Euepian. A P; Euepian; S-H-S; Masker; Sphinx; Atlanta Club. Virginia Club. K Δ; Euepian; Glee Club; Virginia Club. B Σ O; Gate City Club; Striker. ΣΣ Σ; Euepian; Virginia Club; K-I. Virginia Club: N-U-N. Kentucky Club. Virginia Club; Euepian; Mohican Team; Glee Club. Φ M; Euzelian. Euzelian; Texas Club. I' O II; J-U-G; Sphinx; Joker; Striker; Alabama Club; Sunshine Family; M-E;

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MILDRED POLLARD.......Dallas, Texas ELIZABETH POWELL.....Topeka, Kansas K Δ; Euepian; T-A-R; Mummy; Φ I Λ Λ; President Florida Club; Masker; Midnight Scholar; Sunshine Family. Choir; Glee Club; Joker; Virginia Club; J-U-G. Florida Club. LAURA REICHARDT......Box 615, Roanoke, Virginia Euepian: West Virginia Club.

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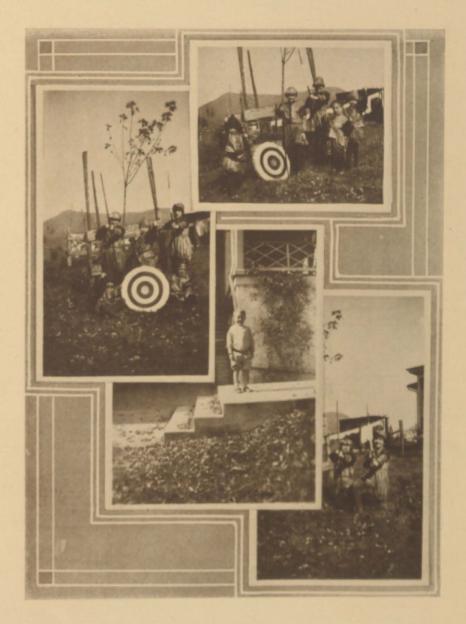
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Ф M: Euzelian: Masker; Sphinx; South Carolina Club.

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VIRGINIA TYSON"Cloverdale," Montgomery, Alabama Masker; Striker; Euzelian; Alabama Club; Yemassee Team.
TERRY WADDELL
KING COLE WAKEFIELD
ALICE WALKER
LELIA WARD
MILDRED WEBER
BUENA WELTON
MARY LEE WETMORE
JULIA WHITAKER
KEITH WHITTET
CARRIE WILLIAMS
ANNE WILLINGHAM
GLADYS WILLIS
ANNA WILSON
EDITH WILSON
BESSIE WRIGHT
LOUISE WRIGHT
FRANCES WRIGHT
IMOGEN YOUNG



My Secret

Ocean of Blue:
Ocean of storied fame,
Ocean whose boundaries meet the lowering skies.
Roll high your crests upon the moonlit sands!
Entice the floating gull to skim the wave!
Reflect the glittering stars in placid pools
But keep my secret true.

Mountains of sand!

Mountains of sun-blanched white!

Mountains which bar the sea from forests wild,

Sweep from thy sandy wastes all human trace!
Rise with the fury of the rising wind,
And change thy ever-changing giant form
But keep my secret safe.

Lighthouse of strength!

Strength of the rock-bound coast!

Guide of the tossing ships which seek the land!

Take from the darkness of the restless night,

The dread of unseen dangers on the wave,

And with thy red gleam light the message, hope!

But guard my secret, ever.

JUDITH RIDDICK.

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Caballero en Masque

LD Major Griffith stepped into the open square between the four long tables. Every eye turned to him at once, for this cattle king of the Nuecis country commanded the love and respect of every ranchman, cowboy, woman, and child in that whole company. There was a rattle of tin dishes as the shining cups full of black coffee were settled down on the rough plank tables. Then all was silence except for the occasional rattle of a spur, or the whimpering of a baby.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began the Major in his most oratorical style. "We ranchmen of Southwest Texas have our hours of ease and

days of feasting as well as times of hard work."

The audience clapped and shouted its approval. The Major's daughter, Lorita, who sat enthroned on a pile of blankets under a big pecan tree, became a bit embarrassed and blushed prettily as several people glanced at her. Then she looked up archly into the worshipful eyes of big Jim Southey, who stood guard beside her, and whispered:

"Jim, ain't he a dear? Do you reckon he's goin' to tell about the

tu'nament? I sure hope so."

"There ain't never no tellin' what the Major's goin' ter round up and ship to us. I wouldn't doubt though if it wuz the tu'nament this shot," answered Jim in his soft drawl, as he held up his flat-brimmed Stetson to shade Lorita's face from the few patches of sunshine that danced down through the tree.

"This is the best barbecue that's been pulled off in this part o' the country fer thirty year," continued the Major. "But if yer want celebratin' ter be square up ter the notch, yer've got ter have a little fancy

ridin' from the boys."

The audience again made the river bottom ring with their shouts of approval. The younger men began to look conscious and to glance with timid hope toward some bright ribbon then adorning the person of their especial fair lady. Many a hopeless look was turned for a second toward Lorita, but big Jim Southey seemed perfectly able and willing to appropriate any trifles that the girl might have to give away.

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"Now, ther' can't nothin' be said about the way these boys in this neighborhood conducts themselves when it comes ter makin' a hoss show what kind of cactus he's used ter jumpin'. We got a good track laid out up yonder on the hill, and the posts is all ready an' waitin'. Git your lances boys, and burn the wind like mad coyotes. I'd like ter see some feller ketch every ring. The haul fer this game is"—the Major always stopped at the critical point for oratorical effect—"a silver mounted saddle and a crown fer yer queen. This thing 'ull be pulled off at fo' o'clock."

Red silk handkerchiefs went flying up in the air, the rowels of the spurs went whizzing around with excitement, and one of the horses tied not far away began sniffing the air and standing on his hind legs. All was noise, confusion, talk, and laughter, as the Major walked back to the table and took up a steaming cup of black coffee.

"Oh, Jim, I'm so excited! I never did see you ride in a tu'nament. But brother says you could stick on a wild coyote. Of course, you'll

win." Lorita laughed happily as she glanced up at big Jim.

She was so distractingly pretty with her rich brown hair tumbling down in little curls around her face, and her dark eyes shining with excitement, and the color coming and going in her cheeks, that Jim could hardly command his wits sufficiently to make a sensible answer.

"I'm so glad you can ride fine," continued the girl, with a little excited catch in her voice. "I'd hate a man who didn't know how to ride." Her eyes saw only the broad shoulders and fine physique of the big man who stood there beside her with a quiet worship in his heart for this one girl. As she spoke a troubled look swept across his face. He was thinking of a story he had read once about the love a woman had for a crippled man. In Jim's life books had played a very small part, but that one story had made a lasting impression.

"I ain't goin' ter ride in the tu'nament," he said slowly, as if he were

repeating words that he did not understand.

"Why, Jim!" exclaimed the girl, looking at him startled. "Are you

sick?'

"Nope, nothing's wrong," answered the man. "I just ain't much on that stuff. I ain't no good at it, anyway," he continued, with his clear gray eyes watching intently every change in the expression of the girl's face.

Lorita looked him over from the top of his head to the tip of his boots

in one surprised, incredulous glance.

"You're joking," she answered, forcing a laugh. Then she continued quickly as if trying to hold to something that she was about to lose, "Brother told me you were a fine rider and strong as Hercules, and not afraid of the—of anything." She stopped a second then hurried on, "Last year Sandy Riggles won the prize, and he gave me the crown. That was before you came out here," she added quickly. "Sandy sure could ride, and he could do lots of tricks with his lance in between the posts. He caught every ring but one. Nobody ever gets 'em all. Oh, but it's excitin' to watch him! Now, that's the kind of thing I like," she finished rather vaguely.

"I believe," said Big Jim, and his voice was a little hard, "Sandy Riggles ain't allowed in these part no more on account o' cattle stealin'."

"I know, but I don't care. I like Sandy, cattle stealin' an' all, better

than just a plain good man who couldn't manage a hoss."

"S'ppose you happened ter like a man that wasn't one of the pony breakin', Hercules kind. What would yer do then?" Jim tried to keep his voice cool and unconcerned sounding.

The girl tossed her head proudly, and her eyes flashed with scorn. "Oh, but I couldn't, you see, I just couldn't! But Jim, ain't you foolin' about not bein' in the tu'nament?" she asked softly.

For a second even Big Jim wavered before the girl's pleading eyes, but it was only for a second, then he answered slowly, like a big school-

boy confessing after he has been caught.

"Lorita, I guess I ain't one of the Hercules bunch. Yer brother don't know nuthin' about the way I ride. He's like the rest of the folks, he's judgin' I kin ride 'cause I look strong. But a feller's looks ain't in it when it comes to ridin'. Sometimes the little boys lays it over us big fellers. I couldn't do nuthin' in a tu'nament. I can't even ride much." He stopped for a few minutes, then continued, "Lord! Ride in that tu'nament! The folks would sure enjoy it, I guess, seein' a feller that don't even break his own hosses, tryin' ter manage a lance and stick on his pony, too. I'd just as soon hang myself and end it," finished the man as he looked hopelessly down at Lorita.

The happy, joyous light had gone from the girl's face. She gazed straight across the heads of the noisy crowd with unseeing eyes.

"Lorita?" Jim was about to repent as he looked down at the forlorn little figure. "I—"

But just that second some one called:

"Hey, Jim! Come here. Sis, you'll have ter take care of yerself a while."

"All right, John, I'll be there in a minute," answered the man. Then he said softly, "I'll be back soon, Lorita."

The girl did not look at him, but shook her head. Jim turned and

walked quickly away.

John Griffith stood leaning against a tree not far from the crowd that was still gathered around the tables. He was a tall, well-built boy of twenty with a frank, open face and rather small, dark eyes that fairly danced with life and energy.

"Lord! Jim, what's the matter? Has sis given yer the vamoos sign?"

asked the boy with a merry laugh.

"Well, I guess it amounts ter that," answered Jim.

"If that's the way the trail leads you'll sure hav' ter stay here and ride in that tu'nament, and you're no good ter me. Sis'll come around all right when she sees yer take the rings with that high dive effect yer did fer me th' other day. Lord, how she loves a little excitement and a good rider!"

"I ain't hankerin' after no stray feelin's she's got wanderin' round in the cactus fer any good rider that comes in, but I'd sure like ter win that crown fer her. And look her', don't you never tell her or nobody else that I can ride." Jim put his hand on the boy's shoulder and looked

down at him. "Be a good kid and fergit it," he added.

"I always knew yer was a little locoed, but I'll sure keep mum if that's yer game. But, Jim, I need yer help. Old Benitus, the old Mexican that keeps that junk shop down by the Turkey Foot Ford, yer know, has been up ter tell me that Sandy Riggles is over there at his store and he says Sandy's got my little red pony and is gettin' rigged up ter come an' ride in the tu'nament. Old Benitus has got a grudge against Sandy fer somethin', so he'll help us, all right. We don't want ter have this barbecue disturbed, so me an' you can just ride over ther', it ain't but three miles, and stop his little game. I can't lose that red pony—he's the best I've got."

"Sure, boy, I'll help yer. Let's hit the trail," answered Big Jim heartily.

"Come on, then," said the boy, as he hurried away for his horse.

Iim glanced toward the pecan tree. Lorita was surrounded by a bunch of men, and he could catch only a glimpse of her face. As he turned and made his way through the bushes after John, he could hear the men laughing, and once he caught the sound of Lorita's rather childish voice above the rest.

"All right, Slim, if you win I'll sure wear it."

In a few moments the two men were on their horses, galloping across

the prairie in the direction of Turkey Foot Ford.

At four o'clock excitement thrilled through every cactus bush and mesquite tree within a mile of the clearing where the tournament was to take place. The men were gathered at one end of the long straight track. The buggies, carriages, and wagons had been hitched up and driven up as near as possible to the scene of action. Every eye watched with the keenest interest that little group of about twenty men. The horses were nervous, and were prancing and rearing up, but the men seemed not to notice. They lounged to one side of the saddle, while they laughed and chatted merrily. Now and then a pony would become too restless, and the rider would let him dash along the track, past the five straight mesquite posts, and back again. Some of the men wore bright colored ribbons around their hats, and some had them tied on their arms. Each girl in the crowd saw only her own knight, and each alike felt a thrill of joy as she watched her colors waving in the breeze.

"Hey, Slim!" called the Major. A tall, wiry man rode forward.

"Hang on the rings. We'll begin in ten minutes."

Slim took the small iron rings and galloped slowly along the track, stopping under the board that was nailed to the top of each mesquite post, and attaching the rings to the bent wire that hung down just over the track.

Lorita somehow was not especially interested in all this. She sat in the carriage with Sue and Alice Sheridan, but she was rather silent, and her eyes wandered off across the prairie. She wondered where Jim could possibly be. Suddenly she was startled by a touch on her arm. A small Mexican boy thrust a slip of paper in her hand, then stood looking very unconcerned and as if nothing had happened. Lorita glanced quickly at Sue, who sat on the front seat beside her, but the girl was entirely ab-50

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sorbed in watching the men. Neither Mrs. Sheridan nor Alice had seen the boy. Lorita held the note close in her hands and read it carefully. It was printed very badly, seemingly with only the stub of a pencil.

"I am coming to win that crown for you. I'll be masked. SANDY." Sandy! A thrill of excitement went through her. When would he come? Would he be caught? What was going to happen? She leaned forward watching the crowd with fascinated eyes, waiting, intense.

"Oh! I wonder if anybody will mask this year!" exclaimed Sue Lorita jumped and held the note tighter. "I hope they will," continued Sue. "It's so much fun. Will you ever forget last year how—"

Suddenly from the dense trees along the river bank below there was a shout. Then a red pony dashed from between the bushes and came bounding over the cactus straight toward the Major. As the pony drew nearer they saw that he carried a masked figure, with a red and black Mexican scarf draped around his shoulders and waist, so as to partially cover his white shirt and disguise his figure. The crowd shouted its approval. The trick was an old one, but everybody enjoyed it. Suddenly a gasp of surprise went up from every one, for the man was riding bareback and with only a silk handkerchief around the pony's neck. Stopping within ten feet of the Major the man saluted. Everybody gazed curiously at the strange figure, but there was no chance to guess who it was as the mask covered his face completely.

"Well, sir, what's yer business?" asked the Major. The man waved

his hand toward the track but did not speak.

Boys, I guess this fellow wants to ride. What do yer say ter givin' him a crack at it?"

"Sure, give Mex a chance."

"The hombre'll lose out the first round in that fancy rig."

"Look out and don't hurt yerself, dearie."

"What's yer novia's name, caballero?" shouted the men.

"That red pony looks darned familiar," thought the Major with a frown. Then he peered intently at the silent figure, but could tell nothing "That kid'll break his neck if he tries any fancy stunts," he thought, but he smiled in sympathy. The Major was young in spite of his sixty years

"Lorita," whispered Sue, "I believe it's John; that looks just like

the pony he rode over home last Sunday.

"Maybe it is," answered the girl abstractedly. She was watching every move of the masked figure. Suddenly she turned to Sue and exclaimed excitedly, "Have you got a pencil? Let's keep the score."

"Here it is one, Senorita," said the Mexican boy coming up to the buggy and offering her a stub of a pencil. She found a piece of brown wrapping paper in the bottom of the carriage and began making out a score. Sue was not interested, and Lorita was able to tear off a tiny piece of the paper and scribble a few words on it without being noticed. Then she dropped it on the ground with her handkerchief. The quick black eyes of the little Mexican saw it at once, and he was under the carriage in a second. He handed back the handkerchief only, and Lorita whispered softly in Spanish, "To the Señor and hurry." The boy disappeared in the bushes behind the carriage. The girl clenched her hands tight and waited.

"One—two—," counted the Major, and all was silence except for the stamping of horses' feet and the occasional scraping of a buggy wheel. "Three!" finished the Major, as he pulled the trigger of the big black sixshooter. The first rider dashed along the track. It was Slim Edwards, one of the best horsemen in the whole country. When he finished the run and galloped back holding the lance high in the air and hanging the rings in place there was a great shout from the crowd. Slim had taken every ring. But this was only the first ride and he must make twenty more before the prize was his. Each man took his turn, and the crowd cheered

or laughed or chided.

Lorita did not take her eyes once from the silent figure in the mask. He was waiting until last for his turn, and she was glad because that would give him time to read the note if the boy would hurry. There was only one more man to ride now, and Lorita was beginning to wonder if he had understood that the note was to be taken to the man in the mask. When she was almost ready to scream from the strain of being compelled to just sit and wait, she saw the little Mexican make his way to the side of the masked figure, and thrust the note quickly into his hand. The last man was riding back along the course, and the crowd was yelling.

"Now, make way for the world's wonder!"

"Look out for the Caballero!"

Without reading the note the man thrust it quickly into his pocket and rode forward. Lorita covered her drawn white face with her hands.

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The red pony leaped forward at a word from the unknown rider. The crowd gasped as he came to the first post, and lifting the lance, caught the ring on it so deftly that it seemed almost like magic. Then raising the lance high above his head and waving it he dashed on toward the second post. The pony was running at top speed, but the rider seemed perfectly at ease, almost as if he were a part of the horse. The last post was passed and all five of the rings were on the lance.

A wild shout from the crowd made Lorita jump and look up quickly. The color came back with a rush to her cheeks, and her eyes shown with something more than excitement, while she held the slip of soiled paper

tightly clasped in her little hand.

"Oh, Lorita, ain't he wonderful?" whispered Sue.

"Yes," answered the girl simply, and she caught her breath in a half

sob.

The riding continued. If a man took less than three rings in one dash he had to drop out at once, so the ranks had gradually diminished until there were only three left on the field. The excitement was growing more and more intense. Finally, Slim and the masked figure were left alone. The crowd was becoming more and more excited and impatient to discover the identity of the Unknown.

Jack Peel came over and leaned against the wheel of the Sheridan

carriage.

"I don't know nobody in these parts kin ride like that 'cept Sandy Rig—" He stopped short and looked at the masked man intently. Then he turned and left the girls without another word.

"Oh, Lorita! Do you think it could be Sandy Riggles?" Sue's

voice was thrilling with excitement.

"Of course not," answered the girl with forced calmness. "Sandy Riggles can't ride like that."

But the report was spreading like a prairie fire through the crowd

that the mysterious rider was Sandy Riggles.

Lorita sat very still with eyes following always the bright figure in the flaming scarf. Slim had lost two rings only, but the rider on the red pony had not missed once. Two more rounds and the contest would be ended and then— Lorita wondered what would happen. She hoped he would unmask and not try to get away, but she was afraid— The crowd had gathered close. Some one called out excitedly:

"Go it, Slim! You'll git him yet. He'll lose out this time fer sure."

But he didn't lose out. He rode on undisturbed, taking each ring as he came to it with an easy unconcern that astounded the onlookers. In spite of their hatred for Sandy Riggles, they shouted their approval when the last dash ended and the masked figure stood before them, his pony covered with white foam, but with his lance held high in triumph showing all five rings.

The Major stepped forward and held out the crown of green leaves. It was no beautiful creation, but many a bright eye rested upon it with longing. Lorita was thinking only of the winner.

"Now, sir, crown yer queen," commanded the Major. "Then step

this way and we'll saddle up that hoss fer yer."

The man took the crown, and putting it on the end of his lance rode without hesitation straight toward the Sheridan carriage. With a sweeping gesture he extended the crown on the end of the lance and dropped it in Lorita's lap.

The girl's lips moved and she tried to say, "Oh, don't try to get away!" but if she made a sound it was lost in the noise of the crowd. The man looked at her for a second, then turned and rode slowly toward

he Major

"Unmask!" screamed the crowd. The man reached his hand up toward his face, as if he were about to pull aside the mask. Then suddenly he dashed through the surprised, stupified throng and made for the river. The pony cleared cactus and mesquite bushes with no seeming difficulty. As he disappeared into the river bottom the men had jumped on their horses and were after him, shooting wildly.

"Don't kill him! Don't, don't—you don't know what you're doin'!"

screamed Lorita, but nobody heard or paid any attention to her.

The men soon came riding back, a few at a time, with sheepish looks on their faces. They had let him escape. Big Jim and John Griffith were the only ones who had found anything. They were leading the panting red pony. When Lorita saw them the color came back to her face, and she put her head down on Sue's shoulder and sobbed.

"Then, he ain't dead. Oh, he ain't dead!"

The crowd concluded that Sandy had turned the red pony loose, and was hiding somewhere along the river bank. Everybody was glad now that he hadn't been caught.

THE SPINSTER-1914

"Come on, Sis," said John, riding up to the Sheridan carriage. "Jim'll take yer home now. I got to help Dad git all the folks off."

In a few minutes Big Jim Southey and Lorita were galloping slowly along the trail toward the Griffith Ranch. It was growing dark and the big silence of the prairie was settling down over everything. Neither Jim nor Lorita had spoken more than a word or two. At last Lorita asked very softly,

"Jim, ain't you ever goin' to read that note?"

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the man, looking at her quickly, incredulous. "I thought you'd believe it was Sandy."

"Read the note," she answered simply.

Jim reached in his pocket and found the crumpled slip of brown paper. Then he struck a match and held it covered with his hand while he read:

"Jim pleas, pleas dont ride I know now that it don't make no

diffrunce if you can't. But I'd die if you got hurt.'

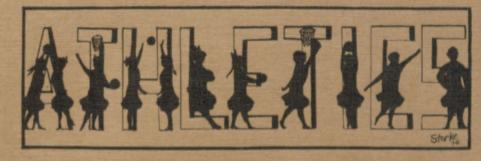
Jim looked at the girl quickly, hardly daring to believe what he had read. A pair of dark eyes shining with tears, and something else, too, looked up at him through a mass of tumbled curls.

The horses walked the rest of the way to the ranch.

ANNA MUCKLEROY.



ATHLETIC GROUNDS







M THE SPINSTER-1914 19



Athletic Association

Officers



SCALING



BOSLEY



M. ESTELLE ANGIER, Captain

ELEANOR KENT
BEATRICE BOSLEY
ESTELLE ANGIER
DOROTHY MAYO, Sub.



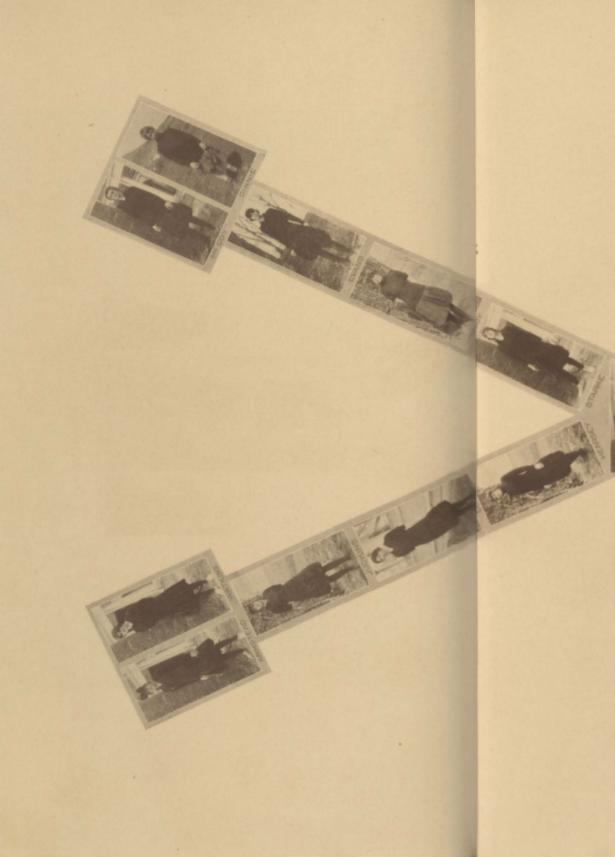
Mohican Team

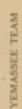
KING COLE WAKEFIELD

ANNIË CAMP
ELEANOR LYON
HELEN DONELSON, Sub.

GLADYS SCALING
ALICE BURDETTE
ELIZABETH CAMP
SARAH OLIVER, Sub.







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Freshman Team

S. HENRY Forwards A. WHITNER R. ARMISTEAD

Subs. J. HIPKINS

M. BUCKINGHAM Centers H. SHEFFIELD V. MILTON M. CARMICHAEL

Guards H. McCOY J. GILDER M. WHITE

THE SPINSTER-1914



Sophomore Team

(E. KENT Forwards M. GRAVATT
B. BOSLEY, Captain M. HOWARD, Sub.

(K. FINLEY N. CAVE Centers E. COX A. BUCHNER, Sub. G. SCALING B. MONROE A. STANWORTH K. CAHOON, Sub.

The Lady of the Camera

ACK HARCOURT paid his bill, laid a tip on the tray, pushed back his chair, and left the dining room of the Hotel Belvedere in great haste. Tipping the cloak boy outside, he flung his heavy overcoat over one arm, quickly glanced along the shelves till he found his camera, and hurried out into the lobby. There was still ten minutes before an appointment, here, and since the camera annoyed him, he decided to leave it at the photographer's to have the films developed.

As Harcourt walked down the street, many people spoke to him; at each nod the intelligent black eyes smiled back in friendly recognition, while the strong lines about the mouth deepened. Many who did not know the tall, handsome young lawyer, glanced a second time at his

frank, open face and athletic form. Two days later, seated in the same dining room, Harcourt was leisurely looking over his mail. A package of photographs lay by his plate. He tore it open and glanced over the pictures.

"Confound it all, they've sent me the wrong ones," he exclaimed to himself, and was about to put them back in the envelope, when one in particular caught his eye. Harcourt glanced at it curiously. If one of his many friends or business acquaintances could have seen him at that moment looking intently at the picture of a girl, they would hardly have believed their eyes; for Harcourt had always been known as rather a settled young man, one who cared nothing at all about girls, but rather avoided them when he could do so without being positively rude.

"Order for breakfast, suh?" and the waiter knocked impatiently with his pencil on the menu card. But still the young man gazed, apparently oblivious of waiters, breakfasts, and all such necessary luxuries.

"Will you have chops, steak, or fried chicken, boss?" in a desperate

tone from the darkey at his elbow.

"Oh, well, bring me chops, George, chops, rolls, and coffee-that'll be all." Then he again looked intently at the picture.

"The most beautiful face I have ever seen, such sweetness, freshness, and beauty!" he murmured to himself. Carefully taking out his wallet he placed it between the folds, and started breakfast. Throughout the day, while at work in the office, the face of the photograph came to his mind again and again. It seemed almost to haunt him.

The next day Harcourt went to the photographer's, apparently for his camera, but really to enquire about the picture. The man knew nothing concerning the owner of the photographs, insisting that they came from the camera, which had been left there. He then showed him his camera, and though Harcourt saw it closely resembled his, he also saw that it was not his own, and realized that in his hurry from the dining room, a few days before, he had taken the wrong camera. His last hope was to inquire of the cloak boy at the hotel. The little bluecoat could tell him nothing, except that no one else had complained of his camera being taken. When Harcourt walked out into the street, he found himself unconsciously looking into the faces of the crowds, searching for the face which seemed to haunt him. As each day went by it became a constant habit, to and from the office or the club, to look always for his Lady of the Camera, but always without success.

It was two months later that Jack Harcourt, called to London on important business, stood on the deck of the "Mauretania," gazing at the noisy, bustling crowd below. All around him sounded the shrill whistles of the police, the wild yells of the deck hands as they hustled large rumbling boxes and trunks up the gangplanks. To the shouts of the candy boys below and the clatter and clang on deck Harcourt seemed entirely oblivious. He did not lose an opportunity even here of looking for his ideal of the photograph, and the passengers coming on board the big liner occupied his whole attention. He scanned closely the face of every girl and woman, seeking in each the features and charm of the Lady of the Camera. He could see her perfectly in his mind, and felt that he must find her soon. A beautiful girl rushed by on deck. Harcourt glanced at her curiously, then turned away. No, it was not she. With a final blast from the huge smoke stacks, the big liner floated down stream, speeded on her voyage across the ocean by the thousands of white handkerchiefs waving from shore. For some time Harcourt stood as in a dream, then roused himself, looked about, and called the deck steward to find his steamer chair. Here once seated and wrapped in blankets, he pulled out

from his wallet the photograph, gazing first at the face, then off over the water.

"Where will I find you, my Lady of the Camera? In London? In Paris? Not in Paris, I think—you are too fair and too tall to be a Parisian. Rather I can see you on the lawn of an old English manor, standing under the tall trees, among the bright flowers, in that dainty gown and hat, those eyes smiling, as you graciously welcome all who talk with you, a kind and a cheerful word to each. But you can't hide your manor so well that I won't find you, my Lady. Be sure of that."

The voyage soon drew to a close, and the sixth day out Harcourt caught sight of Liverpool. Through the thick fog that hung in the air, he could dimly distinguish the high towers and tall spires of the city. The deck began to fill with people, suitcases, and wraps. Below from the hull came the noise of shifting baggage, and the cries of the deck hands. The landing was slowly made, the gangplanks put down and, pushed

along in the crowd, Harcourt was soon on shore.

Going directly to London, he found his business would detain him only a short time, so he started out to see the sights of the city. The curious old English omnibuses rumbling over the narrow streets, and the houses set so closely together that it was almost impossible to tell where one ended and another began, amused him greatly. On the way from one establishment to another, attending to important business affairs, he searched the streets for the face of the girl of the camera, but, as usual, found no trace of her. His affairs required that he go to Paris. Would his search perhaps end there? Since it was necessary to reach the French capital as soon as possible, Harcourt left London in a few hours, the quest still unended.

After a stormy trip across the Channel he reached Paris. Here each day, wherever his business engagements took him, he looked always in the crowded shops, and on the hot sunny boulevards for the face that haunted him so continually. But among the vivacious, petite brunettes, in their dainty summer white, he was unable to find the tall graceful figure of his Lady of the Camera.

One evening shortly before leaving the city, Harcourt went for a last visit to the Louvre. To wander through this world-famous collection had become one of his chief pleasures. It was about three o'clock when he reached the building. Loitering from one gallery to another, deeply ab-

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sorbed in the great paintings, he did not notice how late it had become, till he heard the distant chimes of six o'clock, and then realized the dimness of the corridors. Starting down an unfamiliar passage to the main

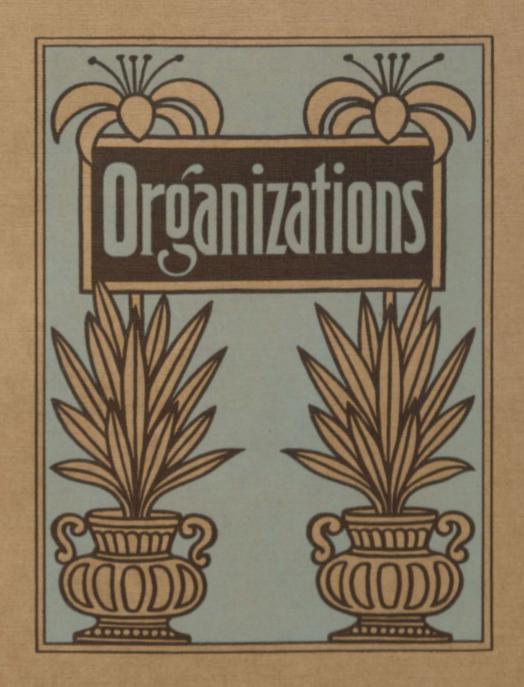
stairway, he suddenly stopped.

Was he awake? There at the far end of the corridor, standing apparently on a slightly elevated landing at the foot of a stairway, was the girl of his dreams. He knew her at once. She was even dressed in the same frock she must have worn when the photograph was taken. Harcourt caught his breath quickly, for there so near to him was the girl he had searched for so long. There she stood in her simple white dress and garden hat, her eyes shining right into his, as they did in the photograph. At last he had found his ideal! Trembling with excitement he started towards her, the picture in his hand. A quick step behind, a push of the button, and the electric lights flooded the passage. Harcourt reeled; his hand gripped the side railing, while the guide rushed to him in alarm. The Lady of the Camera, the girl whom he had searched for so earnestly and passionately over the world, whom he had sworn to find through love of her beautiful sweet face, and whom he seemed to have almost within reach, looked at him from the canvas of a life-size oil painting!

BEATRICE RANDOLPH BOSLEY.



TINKER DAY





HOLLINS MAGAZINE



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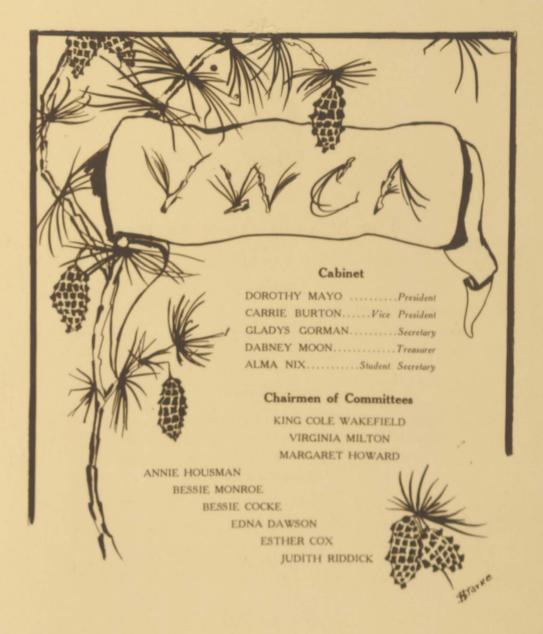
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GLADYS SCALING CATHERINE SCHMELZ JENNIE SNEAD EMILY SHIRLY CONSTANCE STEARNES HELEN SHEFFIELD MARY SHAW RUTH SMITH RENA STEARNES HELEN STARKE MARGARET SAWYER STELLA SMITH CORDELIA TAYLOR ETHEL THOMAS MARY CHILTON TYSON EMILY TWITTY MYRTLE THOMPSON KATHLEEN VANN KING COLE WAKEFIELD KATHLEEN WATKINS MELLE WATKINS MARTHA WATSON MILDRED WEBER BUENA WELTON JULIA WHITAKER CARRIE WILLIAMS KEITH WHITTET ALICE WALKER MARGARET LEE WHITE IMOGEN YOUNG HELEN RHORER

Inter-Society Debate

April 25, 1914

Resolved, That California's attitude toward the Japanese, as culminating in the Webb Anti-Alien Land Law, was justifiable.

Affirmative (Euzelian)

Negative (Euepian)

MISS MARTHA E. WATSON, Captain MISS MARGUERITE HEARSEY, Captain

MISS MARGARET HOWARD

MISS JUDITH RIDDICK

MISS BEATRICE BOSLEY

MISS EDNA T. BELL

Judges

JUDGE STAPLES

DR. PEDIGO

MR. FRANCIS COCKE

The decision was rendered in favor of the negative.

THE SPINSTER-1914



Chapel Choir

First Soprano

MISS BESSIE K. PEYTON BESSIE MONROE GLADYS GORMAN ESTELLE ANGIER HELEN STARKE SUSIE STARKE BEATRICE TRUXALL CATHERINE PHILSON LORENE HAZELRIGG GERTRUDE CONN

Second Soprano

BESSIE COCKE MARGARET IVEY ELIZABETH GRAVES JULIA WHITAKER CONSTANCE STEARNES MISS MAMIE SINGLETON ALMA STANWORTH DOROTHY MAYO

Alto

LUISE RATH KING COLE WAKEFIELD EDNA BELL MARGARET BORDEN MISS UNA G. RUTH MISS BESSIE RANDOLPH ALICE BURDETTE MISS CAMPBELL



M. ESTELLE AN	GIER.	 × +	r r		 	 	 	r. e	 	 	 		* *			Presiden
GLADYS JAMISO	N	 	* *	- +	 		 + +		 	 ¥ 4:	 * *	 .Se	ecre	lary	and	Treasure
BESSIE MARTIN	l	 		(a)	 	 	 		 	 A .	 					Librarian
PROF FRICH R	ATH															Director

First Soprano

MISS BESSIE PEYTON GLADYS SCALING BESSIE MARTIN SUSIE STARKE CATHERINE PHILSON BEATRICE TRUXALL BETTY ROSSER

RENA STEARNES MARY TYSON MARY LAYMAN HELEN BIRDSONG BUENA WELTON CATHERINE SCHMELZ ETHEL HUDSON

HELEN CLARK ELEANOR KENT BEATRICE BOSLEY HELEN RHORER KATHLEEN FINLEY ESTELLE ANGIER GERTRUDE CONN

Second Soprano

MARY SHAW ROSE COX ELIZABETH JONES DOROTHY MAYO

CORDELIA TAYLOR ALMA STANWORTH MARGARET IVEY LILLIAN HERRING BEULAH BENNETT JULIA WHITAKER CONSTANCE STEARNES LUISE RATH

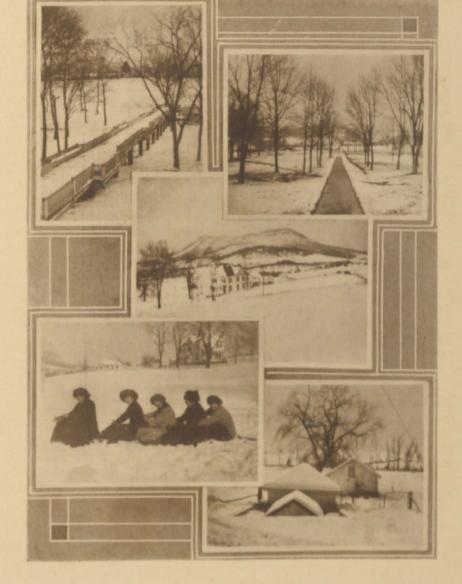
RACHAEL DILLON ELIZABETH MARSHALL KING COLE WAKEFIELD MARGARET COLWELL MISS MAMIE SINGLETON HELEN STARKE

Alto

FAYETTE MORSE EDNA HURM

SARAH OLIVER EDNA BELL

MARY LEE WETMORE GLADYS JAMISON KATHERINE PARKE





Sunshine and Storm

It was an early summer morning. The rays of the great sun chariot had not yet fallen upon the valley, but a warm, promising glow had awakened the world of nature, and from out of the green depths everywhere birds were calling.

In the center of the woods was a cool, mossy swamp, and near the edge of this swamp, resting upon the boughs of a blossoming elder-berry bush was a huge yellow moth. As he noiselessly flapped his dusty wings in a slow, uncertain way, great purple bars rippled across his body.

(1) "Oh, how big I am!" was the great yellow moth's first announcement to the half-awakened world. Then, "Oh, how beautiful I am!" and the magnificent wings fluttered faster.

After a while the yellow moth lost his footing and suddenly went whirling down toward the black waters. But before he reached the surface he realized that he had control of those gorgeous yellow things with the purple stripes, that they were his, and so with a first effort to save himself from the swamp he landed in the heart of a tall swamp lily. The thick white walls at first frightened him, but a fragrant nectar was near and soon he tasted it. It was sweet, and made him very, very happy. He was no longer afraid.

By now the sun had risen full and the moth, looking about him, saw for the first time that the swamp was full of these lovely white things, with the sweet, happy taste. He visited one or two of the tall lilies, and their honey made him drunk with happiness. The wood was filled with music, and the flowers were beckening him to come. He knew he was big; he knew he was beautiful and strong; so with a dart toward a nodding lily, he cried joyfully. "Oh, I shall be as merry as the day is long!"

And from thenceforth pleasure was his business. For the moment of the day only did he live, to make it perfect, perfect in

sweet nectar, warm sunshine, and soft breezes. He thought not once of the future, nor did he know that the future is purchased by the present.

All day he flew in and out among the big flowers, taking pride their praise of his wonderfully painted wings, and frequently in a playful way diving down close, so close to the dull green waters that the lilies would cry out in alarm. Then he would glide gracefully upward, laughing at their fears. And all day long the birds sang, and the soft breezes caressed the tall lilies and wafted him on, on into the world of sunshine and happiness, the ideal world of dreams. So—he was happy.

The day wore on. After a while when the sun had left the skies and the fragrant white lilies were beginning to droop, and even the voices of the birds sounded sleepy and far away, the wind that all day had been so soft and gentle became a little stronger and seemed to blow from all sides. Harder and harder it blew until the great vellow moth became frightened and called wildly to his favorite lily to open her petals and let him in. But the white lily was asleep. Everywhere he turned there were the lilies-but all asleep. The birds had hushed, except for an occasional wild call from far off in the woods. All about him the darkness was closing in; and up above great black clouds were rolling fiercely. Presently big drops of rain began to fall in the now driving wind. The moth was filled with fear and knew not what to do; for this was his first storm. The flowers had tried to tell him that night and darkness would come after a while, but he had believed the world was all sunshine, nectar, and soft breezes, never such wild, fierce winds, and cold, hard rain. If the flowers had only made him listen! He was so unprepared!

The rain beat him helplessly to the wet ground. There he flapped his wings in vain efforts. He called to the lilies to give him back his great strength. He cried frantically to the wind to give him back his beautiful purple wings, which now were colorless and torn. But the wind only blew harder, the rain beat more fiercely on the poor wings, and then the silence of night settled down on the swamp.

JULE BULLITT.



The Spirit of Hollins

CHARACTERS

Clara Parks Dorothy Smith Rebecca Jackson Peggy Williams

......Freshmen

The Fairy Godmother of Hollins Girls
Chorus of Autumn Leaves
Chorus of Snow Flakes
Chorus of Spring Flowers
Chorus of Clouds
Chorus of Sunshine
The Spirit of Hollins



(The scene is the Forest of Arden, Hollins. Clara Parks is sitting on a fallen log under the shade of the ancient trees. She looks about her with a cross, impatient air. Dorothy Smith comes up to her from the direction of the spring.)

Dorothy—What's the matter? Don't you like it here either?

Clara—No! I'm homesick. I want to go back to the city where there are crowds of people, and lots of things to do and see. What is there to do here? Nothing at all.

Dorothy—That's what I say. Goodness! wouldn't you like to see a good moving picture show?

Clara—Yes, anything exciting. I can't stand this awful monotony. Nothing but girls and country.

(Rebecca Jackson comes up just in time to hear the last sentence.)



Rebecca—Don't you like it here either? I'm glad I've found somebody that can sympathize with me at last. I wish you could hear the old girls talk. Why, you would think Hollins was the most wonderful place on earth. I just can't understand what they see here. I've been here two whole days, and I'm simply sick of it.



Dorothy—We're both new girls, too, and we think it is just about the stupidest place we ever saw. I've already written home asking them to let me come. I sent the letter special delivery so I guess I'll hear in a few days. I'll try to stand it until then.





(Suddenly all three notice Peggy Williams, who is walking along by herself crying softly. The girls whisper to each other.)

Clara-Let's call her!

Dorothy and Rebecca (together)—Yes, poor thing!

Clara (going toward Peggy)—Listen, don't you want to come and talk to us? We're new girls, too. I guess you are. You look new. My name is Clara Parks, and this is—(turning to Dorothy).

Dorothy-Dorothy Smith.

Clara—And this is—(turning to Rebecca).

Rebecca-Rebecca Jackson.

Peggy (wiping her eyes)—I know I'm silly to cry, but I want to go home so bad. Everybody has been awfully nice to me but I just don't



like it. It's too quiet and far away from things. There isn't anything interesting.

All—That's just what we think, too!

(The Fairy Godmother of all Hollins Girls glides up to them from between the trees. They watch her with wonder, then rub their eyes, thinking they must be asleep.)

Fairy— My children, why these looks so sad and dark, See ye not the beauty of this Hollins land, And feel ye not its Spirit in your hearts?

Clara—We don't see anything beautiful to look at. We want to go to the theater or the moving picture show— (Then with wonder and awe)—But who are you; do you belong here?



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Fairy— The Fairy Godmother of all the Hollins Girls. I come to take away your every care,
And fill your hearts with all things good.

(She raises her sparkling wand.)

Your eyes I touch with my fairy wand so pure,
That you may see and feel in very truth
The wonderful things that Hollins holds for you,
And all who come to this most lovely land.
Now listen well and very quiet be,
And I will bring before you just a glimpse
Of what one sees at Hollins in the year;
The things that all alike may see and love.



(The Fairy begins to weave a spell with her wand. Enter the Autumn Leaves.)

Fairy— In autumn the bright leaves whirl and dance,
Oh! let their beauty thrill your hearts with hope.
(Autumn Leaves whirl and dance, singing):
The leaves gave a party one autumn day,
And invited the North Wind bold;
They put on their dresses of crimson and brown,
With their borders splashed with gold.

At first they danced to merry tune,
But the North Wind whirled them 'round,
And tossed them roughly to and fro
Till they fell upon the ground.

(The Fairy waves her wand and the Leaves fall into a tableau against the trees.)

Fairy— When all the colors of autumn fade away,
Oh! do not think that life grows dull and dark;
See the snowflakes glistening white and soft,
They bring to all a message pure and true.

(Enter the Snowflakes, whirling and dancing as they sing):

We are Snowflakes from fairyland, happy and gay, And our dresses are made from the moon's silver ray; Our touch is so soft, and our hearts are so light, And we cover the earth in a cloud of white.



So we dance on the hilltops, and on the lake's breast, On the bare tree that curves o'er the waterfall's crest; But forth rides the sun in his chariot on high, And home all the bright Snowflakes must fly.

(The Fairy waves her wand and the Snowflakes fall into a tableau near the Autumn Leaves.)

Fairy— And now the Spirit of Spring breathes soft in the air,
The lovely flowers of every size and hue
Send their color and sweetness to give you joy.
Come forth, ye gentle Flowers of the Spring.
(Enter Spring Flowers, dancing and singing):

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Have you seen the flowers in their dresses bright? Lifting up each dainty head to see the light; Have you seen the flowers so bold and gay, Blue and gold and purple in their bright array?

Snowdrops and crocuses,
Heralds of spring,
Daisies and violets,
Good news you bring,
Telling that winter's past,
Bright days returning fast,
And we shall greet at last
Fair Flowers of Spring.



(With a motion of her wand the Fairy sends the Flowers in a group near the Autumn Leaves and Snowflakes.)

Fairy— And now, my children, your Fairy Godmother
Has brought before you the loveliest things you'll see
At Hollins in fall, in winter, and in spring;
Now, you shall know what may be found
The whole year round, if one has eyes to see.
Look up at the skies, and watch the clouds so soft,
And see the sunshine sparkle o'er the hills.

(The Fairy with her wand brings forth from among the trees the Colden Sunshine and the Clouds of every hue. They dance in and out until the Fairy sends the bright crowd whirling into a tableau against the background of trees.)

(The girls look around and rub their eyes.)

Clara— Is this really true or am I asleep?

Dorothy— Think of wanting to see a moving picture show when you can see all this. (*Turning to the Fairy*) And can we really see these things every day at Hollins?

Fairy— This, my child, is but a tiny bit
Of all that you may see the coming year.
But wait—



(She waves them back to their place on the log.)

One other thing is yet to come.
'T is something one must feel to really know.
In the life and memory of all the Hollins girls,
This one thing is ever held most dear—
Open your hearts to the Spirit of Hollins.

(Enter the Spirit of Hollins. All gather around her singing):

To the mountain peaks we lift our eyes,
And our hearts grow strong and free.
The clouds that drift in Hollins skies
Bring visions of dreams yet to be.
With the glorious strength and hope of you,
Oh! Spirit of Hollins, make us true.

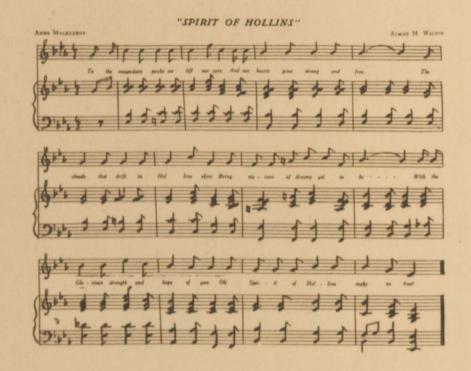
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The Golden Sunshine glistens above,
And the fields are bright with flowers;
Our hearts are singing of joy and love,
In a world full of happy hours.
Live in our hearts forevermore,
Oh! Spirit of Hollins we adore.

ANNA MUCKLEROY.







Sororities

In Order of Establishment as Sororities at Hollins

PHI MU GAMMA
KAPPA DELTA
GAMMA OMICRON PI
SIGMA SIGMA SIGMA
PHI MU
NAUGHTY NAUGHT
BETA SIGMA OMICRON





Delta Tau Beta

Founded 1890 Chartered 1907

ELIZABETH BAGBY EUGENIA BARRINGER

Virginia Virginia

ELIZABETH DE WEESE

Missouri

LORENE HAZELRIGG DOROTHY MAYO

New Jersey Illinois

ANNA MUCKLEROY Texas

ALMA NIX CATHERINE PHILSON

New York Pennsylvania

HELEN STARKE

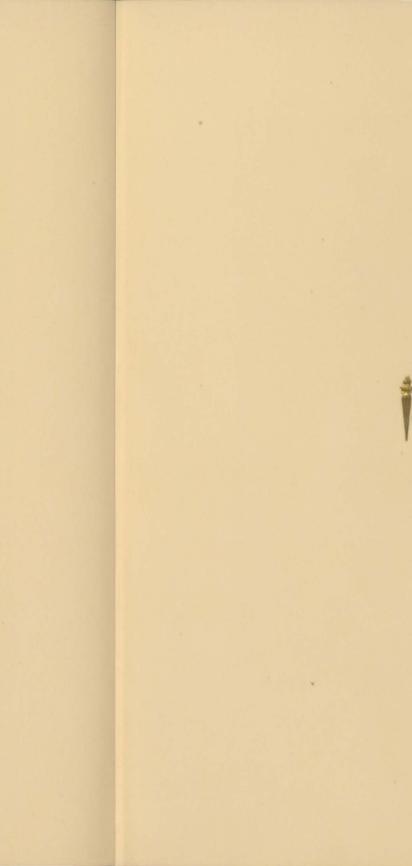
Virginia

SUSIE STARKE

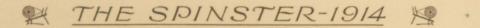
Virginia



DELTA TAU BETA







Phi Mu Gamma

Organized 1898 Chartered 1900

Chapters

ALPHA
GAMMA
DELTA New York, New York
ZETA New York, New York
ETABoston, Massachusetts
IOTA Boston, Massachusetts
KAPPACleveland, Tennessee
XI
OMICRON

Sorores

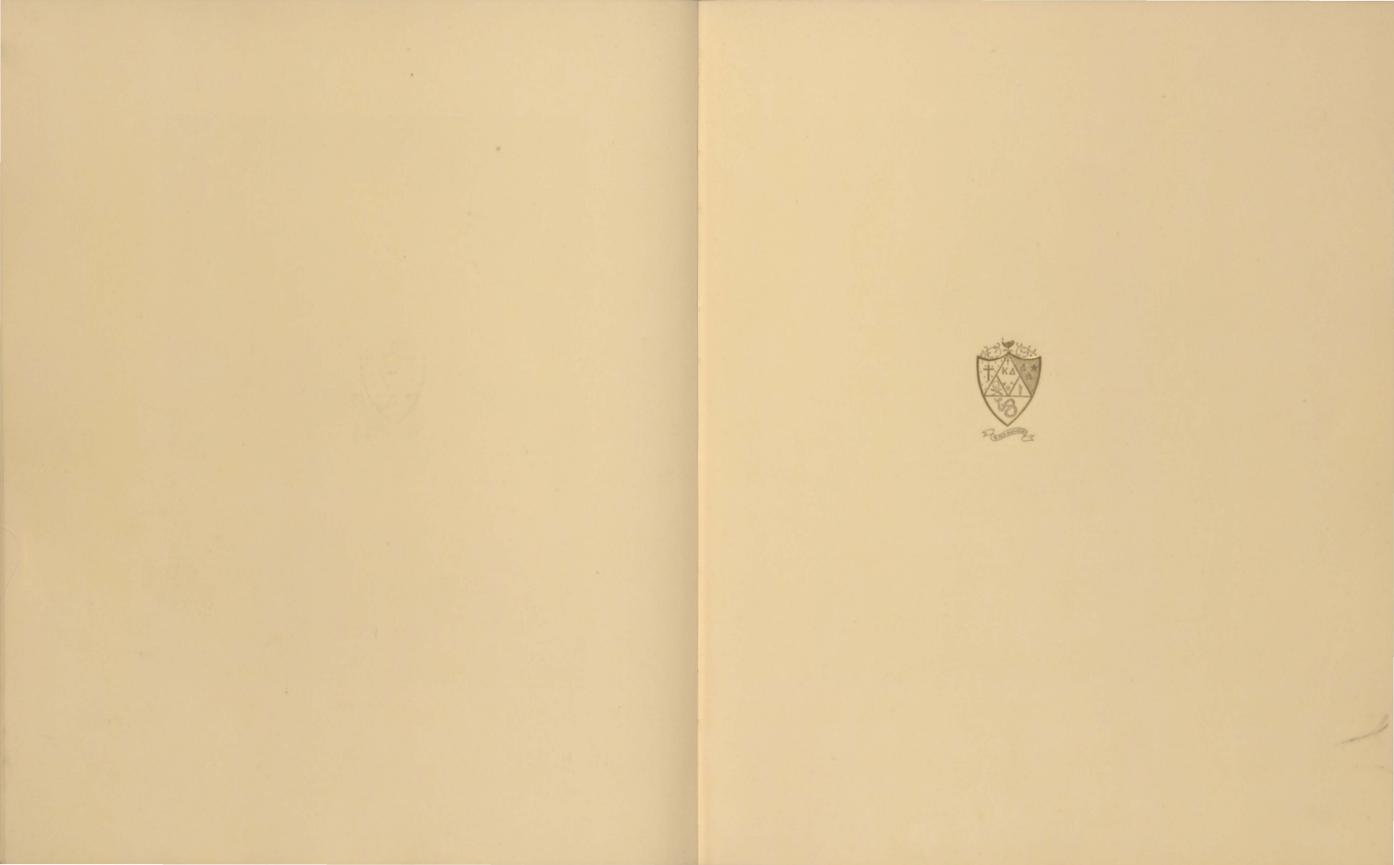
EUNICE ANDERSON Henderson, Ky.	CORAL DEKLEMarianna, Fla.
REBAH ARMISTEADChurchland, Va.	EVELYN DEKLEMarianna, Fla.
MARIE ASHLEYValdosta, Ga.	VIRGINIA FULLERShelbyville, Ind.
GRACE BLOODWORTHAtlanta, Ga.	ELLA HAYNSWORTH Greenville, S. C.
MARGARET BOSWELL Chase City, Va.	MARGARET HOWARD Mt. Vernon, Ill.
MINNIE BREWERJackson, Miss.	MARY KINGAtlanta, Ga.
HELEN BURNETTSpartanburg, S.C.	ELLEN ROGERSHillsboro, O.
LUCY CARNEYChurchland, Va.	ALLENE RUDOLPHJacksonville, Fla
NELL CAVEPaducah, Ky.	CATHERINE SCHMELZ Hampton, Va.
JULIA COLEMANChurchland, Va.	MARY SHAWOxford, N. C.
LOUISE CURRYMacon, Ga.	ROSE SPARROWMartinsville, Va.
CONE CUTLERButte, Mon.	CORDELIA TAYLOR, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

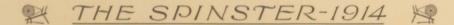
Honorary Members

MR. AND MRS. ESTES COCKE......Hollins, Va.



PHI MU GAMMA





Kappa Delta

Organized 1895 Chartered 1902

Chapter Roll

ALPHA GAMMACedar Rapids, Iowa
GAMMAHollins, Virginia
EPSILON
EPSILON OMEGALexington, Kentucky
ZETATuscaloosa, Alabama
THETA
KAPPA
KAPPA ALPHATallahassee, Florida
LAMBDA Evanston, Illinois
OMICRON Bloomington, Illinois
RHO OMEGA PHI
SIGMA DELTADurham, North Carolina
SIGMA SIGMAAmes, Iowa
OMEGA XI
ETA New York, New York
CHI Denver, Colorado
RноLaramie, Wyoming

SORORES

Gamma Chapter

MARY L. DEUTSCH...San Antonio, Tex. ELIZABETH EDWARDS. Memphis, Tenn. BESSIE WRIGHT.... Union Springs, Ala.

ESTELLE ANGIER........Chicago, III. GLADYS GORMAN......Durham, N. C. MARGARET BORDEN. Goldsboro, N. C. GLADYS McFARLAND, San Antonio, Tex. NANCY BUSHBY Memphis, Tenn. BESSIE MARTIN... Parkersburg, W. Va. ELIZABETH CAMP. . White Springs, Fla. ELIZABETH MARSHALL, Lynchburg, Va. HELEN CLARK.......Cleveland, Miss. FLORINE POWELL....Jacksonville, Fla. LOUISE CURRIN......Richmond, Va. EMILY SHIREY......Bluefield, W. Va. HELEN DONELSON.... Memphis, Tenn. RUTH SMITH...... Wilmington, N. C. LOUISE WRIGHT.... Union Springs, Ala. DOROTHY DIBRELL. . San Antonio, Tex. KING COLE WAKEFIELD. . Dallas, Tex.

Honorary Members

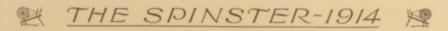
MRS. BOOZER

MISS MAMIE SINGLETON, K A



KAPPA DELTA





Gamma Omicron Pi

Established 1898 Chartered 1913

Sorores

JUDITH RIDDICK
BESSIE MONROE Brookneal, Virginia
JENNIE SNEAD
KATHARINE JUDKINS
RUTH BELLRichmond, Virginia
LUCY HIX
Lois HicksonLynchburg, Virginia
GERTRUDE CONN Detroit, Michigan
RUTH MONROE Brookneal, Virginia
MILDRED LEE
MARGARET SAWYER Detroit, Michigan
CARL PINKSTON Montgomery, Alabama
EDNA HURM Hamilton, Ohio

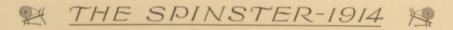
Honorary Member

MISS ELLEN JANE WILLIAMS



GAMMA OMICRON PI





Sigma Sigma Sigma Established 1897 Chartered 1903

Active Chapter Roll

ALPHAFarmville, Virginia
Epsilon
KAPPA
PHIAthens, Ohio
ZETABuffalo, New York
SIGMA PHIJackson, Tennessee

Sorores

Epsilon Chapter

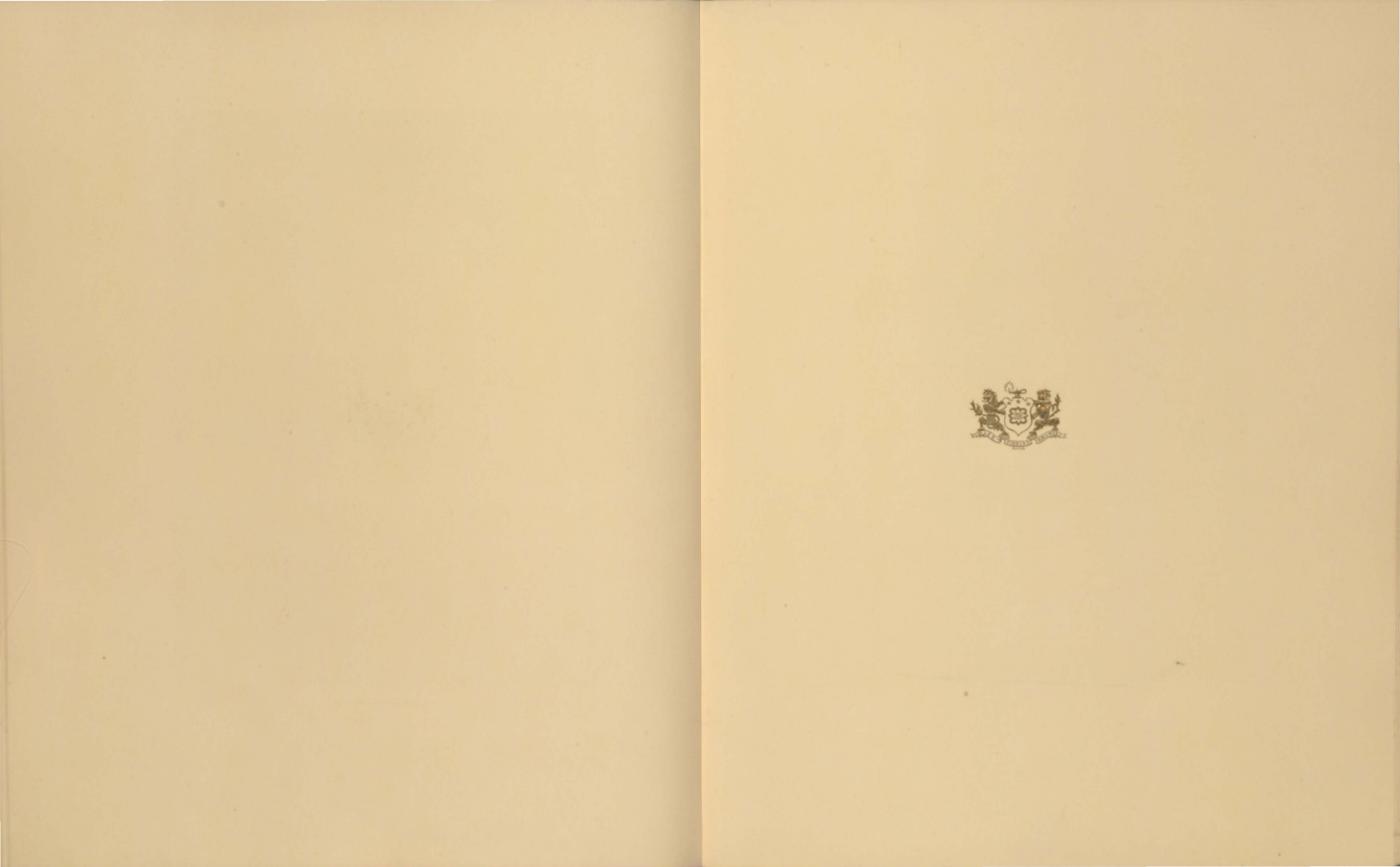
MARY LEE WETMORE
EMILY MORRIS Dendron, Virginia
JULE BULLITT
KATHERINE CAHOON Roswell, New Mexico
LOUISE CAHOON
SUSAN BUCKNER Erlanger, Kentucky
HELEN BIRDSONGSuffolk, Virginia
HELEN McCoySistersville, West Virginia
MARGUERITE HEARSEY East Orange, New Jersey

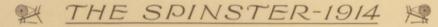
Honorary Members

DR. KUSIAN Miss Morrow



SIGMA SIGMA SIGMA





Phi Mu

Organized 1852 Chartered 1903

ALPHA CHAPTERMacon, Georgia
Beta ChapterHollins, Virginia
DELTA CHAPTER New Orleans, Louisiana
XI KAPPA CHAPTERGeorgetown, Texas
KAPPA CHAPTERKnoxville, Tennessee
LAMBDA CHAPTERLynchburg, Virginia
Mu ChapterGainesville, Georgia
XI CHAPTERAlbuquerque, New Mexico
OMICRON CHAPTERAkron, Ohio
Pt ChapterOrono, Maine
RHO CHAPTER
Sigma Chapter
UPSILON CHAPTER
PHI CHAPTERAustin, Texas
CHI CHAPTERColumbia, Missouri
TAU CHAPTER
PSI CHAPTER Brooklyn, New York
Epsilon ChapterJackson, Mississippi

SORORES

Beta Chapter

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MARTHA CHAMBERSRichmond, Va.
ISABEL CRUMMontgomery, Ala.
RACHEL DILLONShreveport, La.
BERENICE FORDKansas City, Mo.
MARGARET FOXPine Bluff, Ark.
ISABEL GARRARDColumbus, Ga.
AGNES HANSON Bristol, TennVa.
AIGRETTE HART Seattle, Wash.
MARJORIE HEADMoberly, Mo.
SHIRLEY HENDERSON Washington, D. C.
RUTH HERIN
FLETA HOLMESMacon, Ga.
RUTH JENNINGS Moberly, Mo.

Honorary Members

MISS SNEAD......Staunton, Va. MISS WILLIAMSON....New Market, Va.



PHI MU



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Naughty Naught

Established 1900

BEATRICE RANDOLPH BOSLEY ELEANOR DOUGLAS KENT

Maryland

Virginia

CONSTANCE RUSBY

New Jersey

VIRGINIA LEE MILTON ALICE MARTIN BURDETT

North Carolina . Massachusetts

ALICE BUCKNER

Kentucky

FRANCES ELIZABETH TAIT ANNA WILSON

Virginia

Kentucky

EUGENIA DAVIS

Virginia

PATTY McCLUNG McGEHEE SUZETTE HENRY

Georgia

New Jersey

HELEN TAIT

EVELYN FISHBURN

Virginia

Virginia

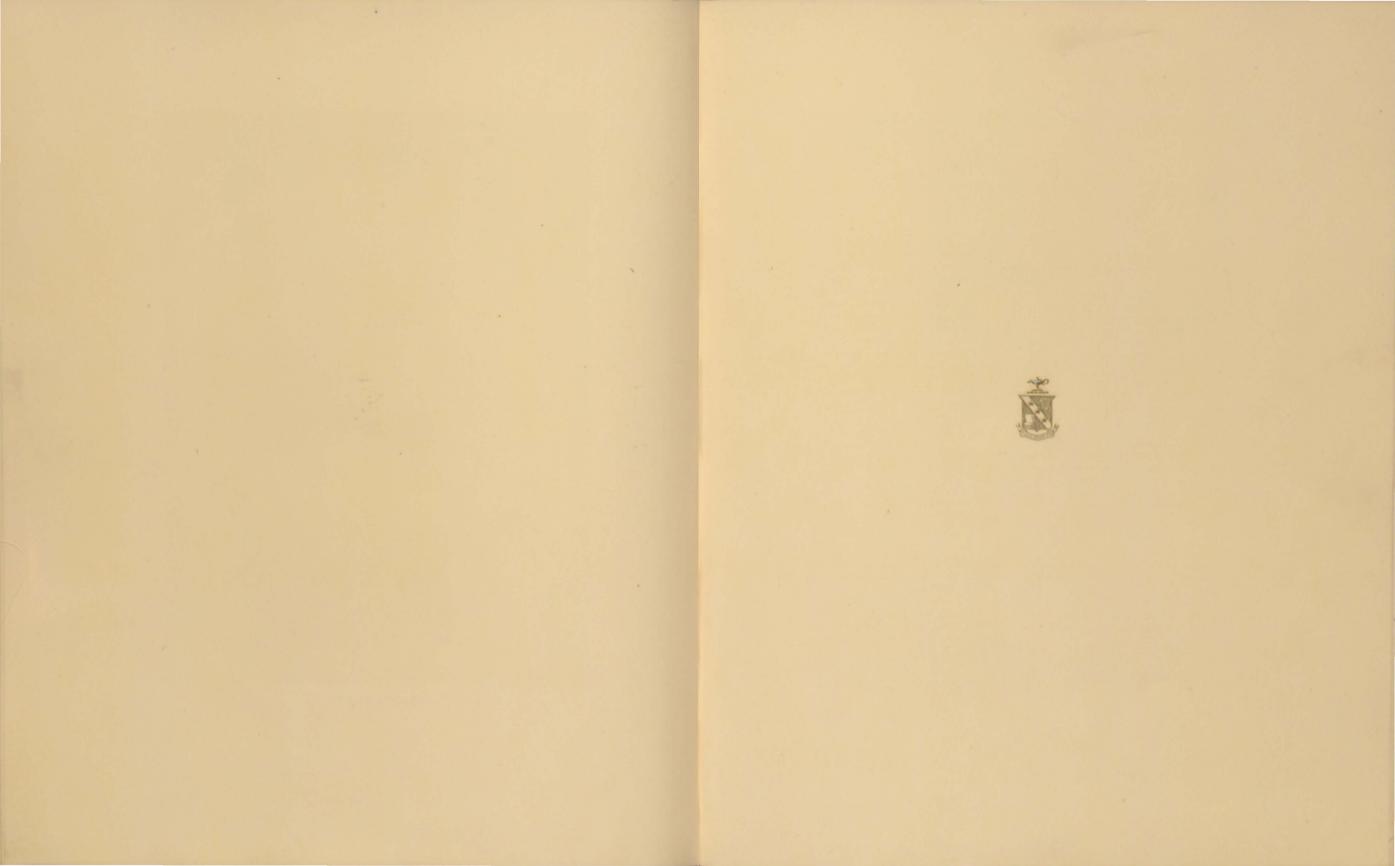
Faculty Member

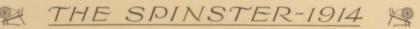
Kentucky

Honorary Member MISS RACHAEL WILSON MISS MARION SPIEDEN BAYNE Virginia



NAUGHTY NAUGHT







Beta Sigma Omicron

Founded December 12, 1888, Missouri University

Chapter Roll

BETASynodical College, Fulton, Mo.
GAMMA
Delta
Epsilon
ZETA
ETAStephens College, Columbia, Mo.
THETABelmont College, Nashville, Tenn.
LAMBDA
MuCrescent College, Eureka Sp., Ark.
NuBrenau College, Gainesville, Ga.
Xt
OMICRONLiberty Ladies' College, Liberty, Mo.
Pt

Alumnae Roll

FULTON ALUMNAE	Fulton, Mo.
St. Louis Alumnae	St. Louis, Mo.
LIBERTY ALUMNAE	Liberty, Mo.
KANSAS CITY ALUMNAE	Kansas City, Mo.
ATLANTA ALUMNAE	Atlanta, Ga.
Ft. Worth Alumnae	Ft. Worth, Tex.

Sorores

EDITH BARNESRoanoke, Va.	MARY MURPHYAtlanta, Ga.
CARRIE BURTON Henderson, N. C.	MARGARET OWENS Maysville, Ky.
ANNIE CAMP White Springs, Fla.	HELEN RHORERAtlanta, Ga.
NELL CHOATEAtlanta, Ga.	HELEN BETTY ROSSERDallas, Tex.
EDNA DAWSONPortsmouth, O.	GLADYS SCALINGFt. Worth, Tex.
HATTIE HILLSistersville, W. Va.	LUCILE STUART Jacksonville, Fla.
LOUISE KINGAtlanta, Ga.	MARIA WATKINS Henderson, N. C.

Sponsors

MISS AGNES TERRELL....Hollins, Va. MISS UNA RUTH.....Des Moines, Iowa 118



BETA SIGMA OMICRON

May Queens





MARY WORTHAM 1905



MARY STUART COCKE

May Queens





LILLIAN PERRY 1907

PHOEBE HUNTER 1909





MARGUERITE GEER

MARGARET CHEWNING 1908

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May Queens



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JULIE OWEN 1912

LAURA TUCKER



FLORINE POWELL 1914



ADELINE DAVIS







A Dime and a Dollar

T was one of those lazy spring afternoons that seem to breathe idleness into the heart of man. Toodles, with blue, blue eyes and closely cut black hair, bent over his arithmetic with an odd, rudimentary wrinkle in his forehead. Across from seven-year-old Toodles sat Marjorie, his next door neighbor and idol of his heart. Her feet were twisted in a semi-bowknot under her seat, one fair, blue-bowed plait hung down the back of a stiffly starched gingham dress, and her head was bent over her desk until her round little nose almost touched the paper she wrote on. Placidly she was figuring away; for though a year Toodles' junior, she had entered school with him and had been much quicker at learning the three R's than had he.

Two 'n four is seven! Um mhuh! That don't look right. Two 'n four is—is—is six!"

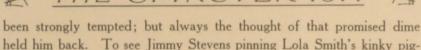
Laboriously Toodles rubbed out the first result and put down the second. Then heaving a deep sigh he turned his eyes towards the window. Sticking the end of his pencil in his mouth, he gazed off into space with a lugubrious expression upon his infantile physiognomy. He was thinking of the long week behind him. This was Friday. Monday morning his father had said,

"Now, Toodles, if you get an E in deportment this week, I'll give you a dime. That means a great effort, Sonny."

And, indeed, it had been an effort; for though Toodles' face was that of a cherub, yet he had few of those cherubic qualities sometimes (erroneously) ascribed to children. In fact, he seemed to have a genius for getting into mischief. Several times in this week of martyrdom he had

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tails to his desk and Tommy Slathers pitching spitballs while Miss Lincoln's back was turned had almost caused his downfall. But he had kept his eyes religiously bent to his desk, so that his meekness caused Miss Lincoln once to inquire if he were sick. No, he wasn't; but he wished

he was!

Forgotten was arithmetic as Toodles gazed out the window, his face a comical pucker. He was wishing three o'clock would hurry up and come, because he felt he would just naturally fly up into a thousand pieces if he had to be good much longer. It was an awfully lonesome job. Then his glance happened to rove towards the teacher's desk. Miss Lincoln was making out reports. She would have already made out his; for B comes early in the alphabet he had learned: so his trial was up. She couldn't change his deportment mark now. No more school for Toodles this day. He tore a piece of paper from his tablet, and, with an effort worthy of a debutante sending out her first invitations, scribbled the following in the unformed letters of a first grader:

"Doly, will you Go to the moovin pitcher Sho with me."

Dolly was Marjorie's nick name.

Having finished this masterpiece, Toodles ducked his head behind the back of the girl in front of him and gave a low "Sst!"

This had to be repeated twice before Marjorie raised her eyes from her work and looked around. Then Toodles stealthily held the note out and it made connection with Dolly's hand in about the middle of the aisle. A chill of fear of apprehension paralyzed Toodles; but when he had assured himself that Miss Lincoln had not seen, he breathed freely once more. As Juliet was bobbing her head in a vigorous affirmative to her waiting Romeo, Miss Lincoln looked up.

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"Ten minutes to three, children. Put away your books!"

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There ensued a clatter of books, rulers, and pencils being laid away for over Sunday.

"Attention! Sit erect! Lean back! Sit - - - - erect!

Lean - - - - back! Now I will give out the reports. Ellen Anderson! James Andrews! George Arlington Benson!"

Toodles walked up the narrow aisle, one hand stuck in a small trouser's pocket, the other reaching for his card. His blue eyes shone with pride as he quickly looked for the column marked Deport. and saw an E. He heaved a great sigh of satisfaction as he resumed his seat.

Once outside of school, he waited until Marjorie passed the boys yard. Then he caught up with her and they trudged home together.

"Yes. 'N you 'n me is going to the moovin' pitcher show. Where do you want to go?"

"Oo-ee-ee-ee! Le'th go to that big one where all the treeth ith in front!

"Awright."

But when Toodles reached home he found his mother just ready to leave the house.

"Hello, dear," she said, kissing him. "Run in and stay with Auntie this afternoon while Mummy's away, and don't go off anywhere."

"But mother, I got E in deportment, and Dolly 'n me wants ---."

"Oh, dearie, how lovely. Well, Daddy left a dime on the mantelpiece for Sonny. Auntie will get it for you. And now, kiss Mummy again and run on in."

Now this was a desperately tragical state of affairs for a young gentleman who has already asked his fair lady to accompany him to the theater; so it was with a very gloomy countenance that Toodles entered into the presence of his aunt in the living room.

Aunt Bertha was Daddy's sister, who had been living with the Ben-

son's all winter. She was one of these ladies of uncertain age, but exceedingly good looks whom fond relatives are always trying to marry off to some favorite young man. As Toodles went into the room where she sat sewing, a few sentences he had overheard a few days before, in a conversation between father and mother, came to his mind:

"- - - - George, I do believe she is."

"Oh no, Sugar! Bertha's only seen him once or twice when he's been up here of evenings on business."

"But I tell you, something is the matter. I wish I knew for sure."

"Ssh! There's Toodles. Don't talk such nonsense before him."

Then they had stopped and Toodles had been greatly disappointed. Whom did they mean by "he," and what did Aunt Bertha have to do with it?

This afternoon he went up to his aunt and kissed her perfunctorily on the cheek.

"Hullo, Auntie. Hev I really gotta stay at home with you?"

"That's what Mummy said, dear."

"Humph! Mothers are such a nuisance sometimes."

"Why, what's the matter, little boy? Don't you want to stay and protect Auntie just a little while? What is the matter, Toodles?"

"Oh, nothin'!" and heaving a deep sigh he moved over to the window, a frown on his forehead and traces of tears in those big blue eyes of his.

After a few minutes of changing his weight from one foot to the other, he turned.

"Say, Auntie, would you mind getting me my dime off the mantelshelf? I got E in deportment this week."

"Why, certainly. Here it is. I'm so proud of you, Toodles."

But Toodles spoke no acknowledgment of this praise. He took the dime without comment and Aunt Bertha resumed her sewing. He turned the hard-earned coin over and over in his hand, and then dropped it

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mournfully into his pocket and again gazed out of the window. After several minutes' vacant contemplation of the street before him, he saw a familiar figure approaching. He waited until it passed the house and then, because he thought somebody ought to start a conversation, he said:

"Aunt Bertha, there goes Mr. Sampson, down street towards the Center."

"Really, dear?"

"Um-hmh."

Again there was silence in the room. This was broken in a few moments by Aunt Bertha's voice:

"O, Toodles, Auntie just must go down to the store for a few minutes. All her blue thread has given out. Will you stay here nicely while she is away?"

There was no response.

"Auntie would take you with her; but she will be back soon. And besides, Mother wanted you to stay at home to-day. But I'll tell you what, if you will be sure not to go off anywhere, you can run out and play in the yard with Dolly, if you want to."

Then she left the room. Toodles did not move until he heard the front door close and Aunt Bertha had turned for a last good-bye wave before vanishing around the corner. Then he was all action. He ran into the hall and out the side door, snatching up his cap as he went. Marjorie was sitting disconsolate on a stone just the other side of the hedge that divided the two yards. Breathless, almost, Toodles called,

"Come on quick, Dolly!"

He ran as fast as his short, chunky little legs would carry him, and squeezed through a hole made by a missing board in the back fence. Dolly met him, and they ran down the alley, hand in hand. When they reached Main Street they stopped and looked up and down. Yes, there was the moving picture theater with its beckoning signs, a lure to the idle

pleasure seeker. Toodles stood up on tiptoe to hand the lady behind the glass window his hard-earned dime. In return he received two red tickets that rolled out of the mouth of a funny looking machine. Thinking these were something to keep, he was about to stick them in his pocket, when a voice said.

"Put 'em here, Sonny."

Toodles looked up questioningly, and then followed the example of a man, who pushed by just then, and dropped his tickets into a queer-looking affair like a meat chopper. A boy in a brass-buttoned, dark red suit, the color of which matched the soft, velvety carpet they walked on, led them down a dimly lighted corridor into the theater itself. They went clear down to the fifth row and took seats right in the middle, the object of much amusement to the other patrons.

But these two absorbed bits of audience did not notice; for they were entirely occupied seeing the wonderful sights. Pictures seemed to jump out at them. Giants in many styles of dress would walk up to the front of the screen, almost on top of them, and work their mouths up and down as though trying to say something. The children screamed with delight as a man's mouth would seem to run up the side of his face, or a woman looking like a cubist impression would tower above them. Fascinated, they watched all the reels through once. While the lights were on during the intermission, they sought amusement in looking around them, peering cautiously over the high backs of their seats. Suddenly Marjorie grabbed Toodles' arm.

"Toodlth, there'th your Aunt Bertha!"

"Where? I don't believe it. Is she lookin'?"

"No."

Toodles craned his neck a little farther. Yes, that was Auntie Bertha, and she was with Mr. Sampson. He ducked down into his seat again, fearful of being caught. Just then the lights went out and the first picture

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appeared. After a short while Toodles' interest waned and he turned around stealthily to see if Aunt Bertha had gone. What he saw made him sit down suddenly and pull at Marjorie's sleeve.

"Dolly, look at Aunt Bertha! Mr. Sampson's got his arm around her!"

Both youngsters then climbed up to their knees on their seats and viewed the older couple about fifteen rows back, who were so engrossed in each other that they had no idea of anything that was going on up front.

Soon Toodles decided it was time to go home and that if they were real careful they could slip by without Aunt Bertha's seeing them. When Toodles and Marjorie reached the street again, it was dark. They ran home as fast as their legs would carry them. When Toodles entered the house through the kitchen door, Sadie, the cook, was in a state of great excitement.

"Why, there ye be, ye little truant, ye. A-frightenin' the life out of all of us! Ye'd better run in to yer Muther quick, she think you been lost."

When Toodles entered the living room he stopped just inside the door and nervously began to examine the make of his cap. There was Mother all crumpled up in the big chair, sobbing, and Daddy was pacing back and forth on the hearth.

"There, Ducky, don't cry. Toodles isn't lost."

"But George! Bertha s s said "

"Hullo, ever'body!"

Both parents turned, speechless.

"Well, hullo, ain't you goin' to kiss me?"

His mother held out her arms and Toodles started to her with relief. But his father stopped him.

"Look here, young man, where have you been? You have frightened

your mother to death. She told you to stay at home. Where did you go?"

Toodles began to cry immediately when his father addressed him thus sternly.

"Wh-wh-why, me'n Dolly went t-t-to the moovin' pitcher—show!" he sobbed.

"Well, upstairs you go, to bed. No supper. And maybe this will teach you, George Arlington Benson, not to run off again when your mother tells you to stay at home."

Slowly the little culprit turned and went upstairs. To bed! No supper! And this was what he received for getting E in deportment! The tears formed little rivers in the curves of his cheeks as he undressed, alone, in the dark, and climbed into bed. He soon sighed himself to sleep.

Toodles didn't know what time it was, but he was wakened by a long pull at the front door bell. In a few minutes he heard his father's voice in the library below:

"Come in, Ben; come in and see the family for a while."

Then there was a buzz of conversation downstairs. Toodles could distinguish his mother's gentle tones, and occasionally the deep notes of the visitor's voice. And, too, he heard his Aunt Bertha laughing gaily and trying to get into the conversation. By this time Toodles was thoroughly awake and sitting up in bed. Who was this visitor? My, it was awfully dark everywhere!

Softly he stole out of bed and started down the hall towards the stairs, being mighty careful not to step on squeaky boards. Keeping his hands on the banister, he crept down, one step at a time, until he could command a view of the living room door. But he was greatly disappointed. They had drawn the portieres, and he couldn't see anybody. Well, he would go down and peek through the curtains. Not fearing that he would be

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seen now, he ran down quickly and peered through a gape between the hangings and looked around.

There was Daddy leaning back comfortably in the big chair, smoking. By the table sat Mother sewing. Aunt Bertha was in the little rocker by the fire and Toodles thought she seemed nervous. To the keen critic in the door, her cheeks seemed much pinker than usual and she appeared to be having a good deal of trouble with the rebellious curls that fell around her face.

But where was the visitor? Oh, yes! There he was, over on the window seat—and it was Mr. Sampson! Daddy and Mother seemed to be doing most of the talking. Aunt Bertha laughed occasionally and looked over toward the window seat; and Mr. Sampson kept looking toward the little rocker by the fire. The conversation wasn't very interesting to Toodles. He wondered why Mr. Sampson didn't sit nearer Auntie, and why he didn't say something. At last Mother said,

"Well, Mr. Sampson, we're so glad you could drop in for a little while. It's been so long since we've had the pleasure of seeing you. You must be very busy these days."

"Yes, indeed! I have to work every day from right after breakfast until late supper. To-day was unusually busy; but I thought I'd just drop in and see George on a little business proposition."

"Why, Mr. Sampson!"

Every one turned quickly at the sound of the childish voice and beheld Toodles, with his short hair all rumpled, clad in white pajamas, pointing an accusing finger at the occupant of the window seat.

"You was in the moovin' pitcher show to-day. Me'n Dolly saw you."

Mr. Sampson laughed, but moved uneasily under the accusing finger and the steady gaze of those large blue eyes.

"'N Aunt Bertha was there, too,"

Mother looked at Aunt Bertha, who blushed furiously and tried to say something to stop Toodles. But he did not notice and went blissfully on:

"'N Mr. Sampson had his arm around Aunt Bertha, Mummy!"

"Oh, Toodles!" And then Aunt Bertha went into hysterics, alternately laughing and crying. The Bensons looked on astonished.

Mr. Sampson rose, a little embarrassed, and crossed the room to Aunt Bertha's side.

"Well, I guess I'll have to 'fess up, George," he said. "Your sister and myself are just about as much in love as we can be, I reckon. I've been kind o' crazy about her for a long time."

"Yes, and I love Ben, too," added Aunt Bertha, with a catch in her voice. "I've loved him a long time; but you, George, and Sally, too, have been so anxious that I should get married and you have planned for me to love almost every man you know. And I wanted to marry Ben without your knowing it so you couldn't say you arranged the match—and we planned it all this afternoon. Oh, Toodles! you've spoiled it all."

"There, there," said Mrs. Benson soothingly. "That's all right. We will have any kind of wedding you want. You shall do just as you please and George and I won't say one thing."

"Well, Sis, cheer up! Ben, I congratulate you, old man. But say, where's Cupid's telegraph operator? Look here, Sonny, it's time for you to be in bed. You've done a pretty good day's work, so I guess we'll let Sadie give you a glass of milk and some cookies before you go upstairs."

After being duly kissed all around, Toodles, with a great sense of importance, went out to the kitchen with his father. While he sat up resting his elbows on the table, twining his bare toes around the rungs of his chair, munching away at a cooky, his dad said:

"Well, Toodles, I reckon we're quits for this time. You've satisfied your mother's inordinate curiosity and I guess she will be perfectly happy

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for the next six weeks at any rate. And say! You got E in deportment?"

A nod of affirmation was Toodles' only answer.

"Well, George Benson, Jr., here's another dime. You and Dolly can get you some soda water to-morrow. Run along now. Good-night."

You ask where the dollar comes in? Well, next morning the postman left a large, important looking letter at the Bensons' door addressed to "Master George A. Benson, Jr." Inside was a crisp new bill and a note, which read:

"With best regards to Cupid's emissary.

BENJAMIN A. SAMPSON."

M. ESTELLE ANGIER.









Alabama Club

Officers

LOUISE WRIGHT......President MILDRED LEE.....Secretary and Treasurer

Members

RUTH HERIN MYRTLE THOMPSON CARL PINKSTON

ISABEL CRUM

MARY CHILTON TYSON BESSIE WRIGHT

VIRGINIA TYSON

GERTRUDE MOLTEN



Officers

MARTI	HA E.	WA	TS	ON	l	 4.0	 * 4	 1.4	 	 	. No.	 	 	 * *	 	 	 	. Presiden	it
																		e Presiden	
																		l Treasure	

Members

MARTHA E. WATSON Johnston

A MARY RODDY Rock Hill

ELLA HAYNESWORTH Greenville

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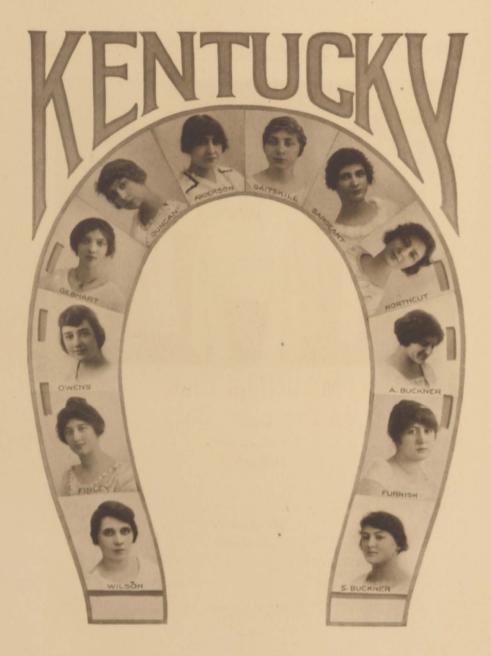
Members

RUTH SMITH MARIA WATKINS ALICE WALKER MARY SHAW

ALLIE FECHTIG ELIZABETH GRAVES MARGARET IVEY VIRGINIA MILTON

ANNIE BELLE BLOUNT

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Mississippi Club

Colors	Motto	Flower			
Red and Blue	Nunquam Retrorsum	Magnolia			
	Officers				
FANNIE GARDNER MARGARET KING	Vice	President President			
TERRY WADDELL		Secretary Treasurer			
Members					

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Jackson
ISABEL BRINKER
West Point
HELEN CLARKE
Cleveland

FANNIE GARDNER
Greenwood
ELIZABETH GEORGE
Yazoo City
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Greenwood

TERRY WADDELL, Meridian



West Virginia Club

Colors Blue and Gold

West Virginia Hills

Flower Rhododendron

Officers

BESSIE MARTIN......President HELEN REYNOLDS.....Vice President EMILY SHIREY.....Secretary and Treasurer

Members

142

HELEN McCOY Sistersville HATTIE HILL Sistersville EMILY SHIREY Bluefield MARY BELLE CULROSS Williamson

HELEN REYNOLDS Princeton CORNELIA ALDERSON Alderson VIRGINIA JENKS Bluefield BESSIE MARTIN Parkersburg

THE SPINSTER-1914



Texas Club

Officers

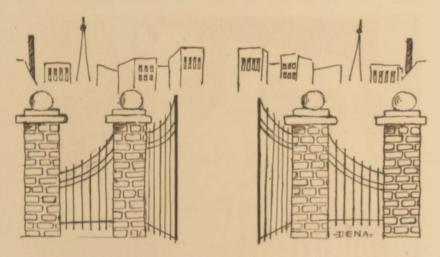
GLADYS SCALING		 	 	 	 	 		.President
KING COLE WAKEFIELD	***	 ***	 	 	 	 ******	Vice	President
BESSIE COCKE		 		 	 ***	 Secretary	and	Treasurer

Members

MARY BUCKINGHAM MARIAN CARMICHAEL BESSIE COCKE MARY LOU DEUTSCH DOROTHY DIBRELL MILDRED HARDWICK HALLEY KELLY NORMA LYNN

GLADYS McFARLAND ANNA MUCKLEROY MILDRED POLLARD HELEN BETTY ROSSER GLADYS SCALING MARY THAMES KING COLE WAKEFIELD CARRIE WILLIAMS

IMOGEN YOUNG



The Gate City Club

Motto

"Watch Atlanta, she'll get you yet"

Officers

Members

NELL CHOATE LOUISE KING MARY MURPHY JOSPHINE SMITH ETHEL HUDSON PATTY McGEHEE
WILLIE MUSE
GRACE BLOODWORTH
HELEN RHORER
MARY KING

144

M THE SPINSTER-1914 19



Pennsylvania Club

Officers

EDNA BELL	t
CATHERINE PHILSONSecretary and Treasure	r
BEATRICE TRUXAL	ě
EDITH BONDOfficial Bondsma	ì
KATHERINE PARKEJanito	r

Honorary Member

MISS GERALDINE MORROW



Maryland Club

Officers

Members

MARGARET BISHOP BIRDIE JACKSON LOTTA BARCLAY VIRGINIA JONES

BEATRICE BOSLEY

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Yankee Club

"Yankee Doodle went to town Riding on a pony; Stuck a feather in his hat And called it macaroni."

Officers

M. ESTELLE	ANGIER,	ILLINOIS	 **********	***********	President
ALMA NIX,	NEW YOR	K	 		Secretary

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ALICE BURDETTE	
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MARY LEE WETMORE.	Illinois
ELLEN ROGERS	Ohio
AIGRETTE HART	Washington
HAZEL PRIGMORE	Washington
MARGARET SAWYER	Michigan
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EDNA BELL	Pennsylvania
MARGARET SHUTTEE.	Missouri

JOSEPHINE HIPKINS New York
FAYETTE MORSE New Jersey
BEATRICE TRUXALLPennsylvania
ESTHER DE GRAFFNew York
DOROTHY STARKEWEATHER New Jersey
MILDRED WEBERIllinois
EDNA HURMOhio
HELEN McCOY West Virginia
MARGARET COLWELLIllinois
HARRIET GIBSONColorado
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HELEN SHEFFIELDNew York
KATHERINE PARKEPennsylvania
GRACE SEYMOURIllinois
VIRGINIA FULLERIndiana
LOTTA BARCLAYMaryland
ALMA NIXNew York
CATHERINE PHILSONNew Jersey
MARGUERITE HEARSEY New Jersey
CONE CUTLER



Old Dominion Club

Colors

Blue and Gold

Officers

JULE BUI	LITT		President
JUDDITH	RIDDICK		Vice President
DABNEY	MOON		
EUGENIA	BARRINGER		Treasurer

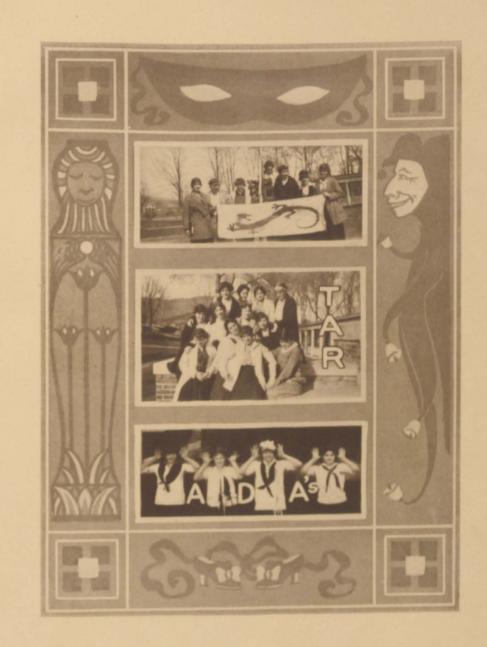
Members

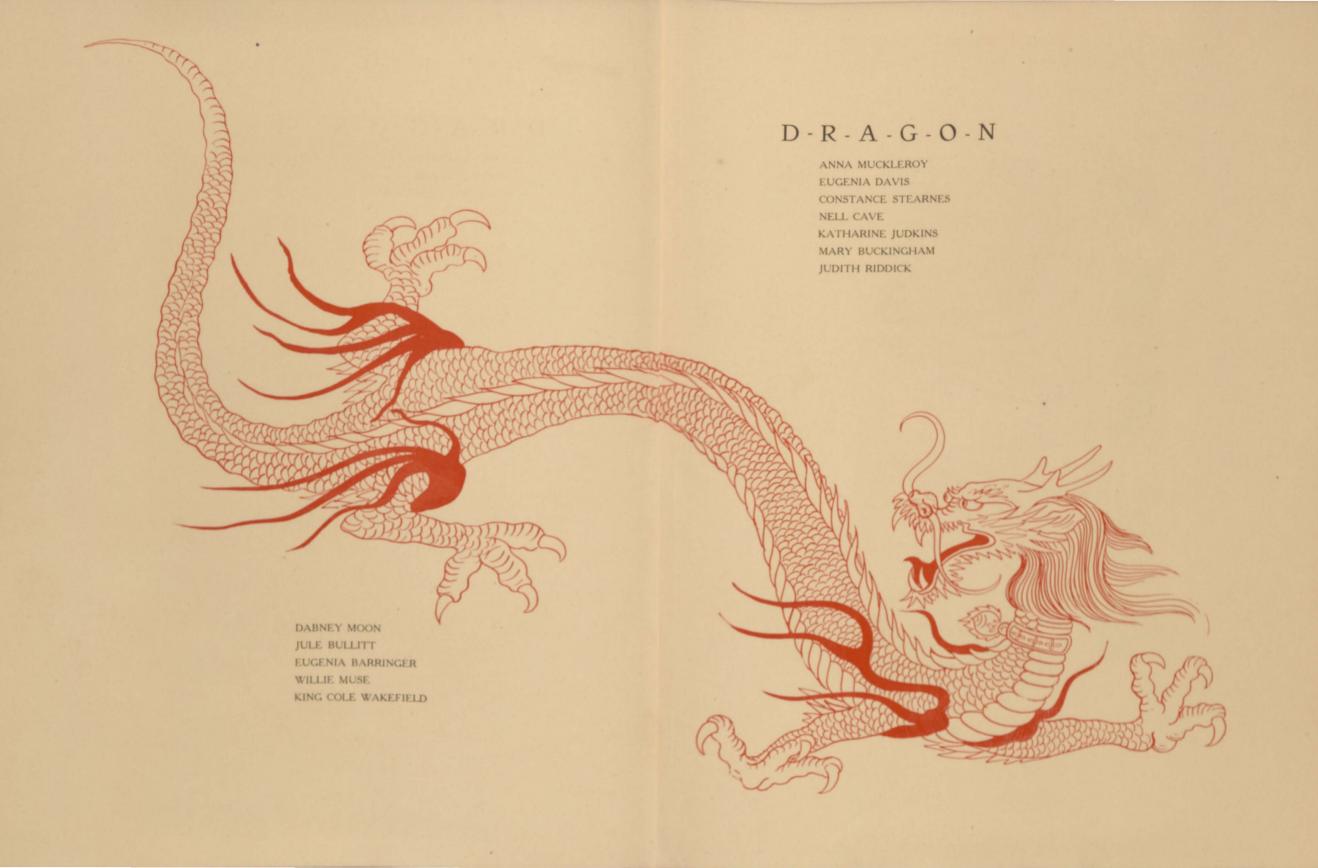
REBAH ARMISTEAD ELIZABETH BAGBY EDITH BARNES EUGENIA BARRINGER RUTH BELL HELEN BIRDSONG MARGARET BOSWELL LOUISE BROADDUS JULE BULLITT RUTH CAMP JULIA CARLTON LUCY HUNT COFER JULIA COLEMAN ESTHER COX Rose Cox LOUISE CURIN EUGENIA DAVIS MARGARET DELK ESTELLE DUFFY LOUISE ELLYSON EVELYN FISHBURN MARGARET GRAVATT FRANCES GRAVATT

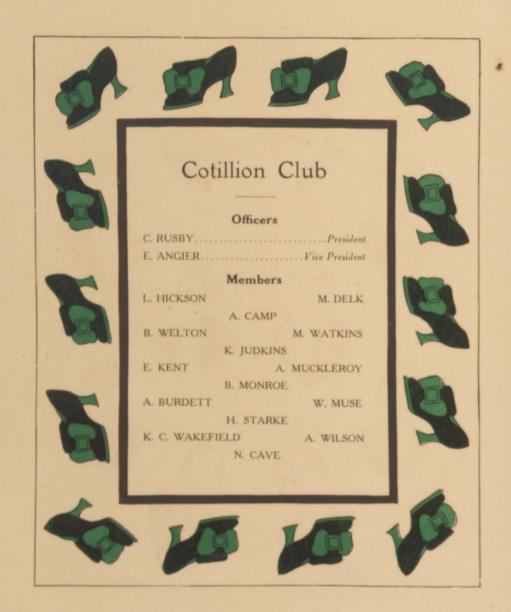
AGNES HANSON ELIZABETH HARMAN EVELYN HARRISON LILIAN HERRING Lucy Hix ANNIE HOUSMAN MAY HYSLOP GLADYS JAMISON THELMA JAMISON KATHARINE JUDKINS ELEANOR KENT ANNE LACY MARY LAYMAN ELIZABETH MARSHALL VIRGINIA MARSHALL MARY McCUE JESSIE McCorkle DABNEY MOON BESSIE MONROE RUTH MONROE EMILY MORRIS ROSA MOSLEY

SARAH OLIVER LUISE RATH LAURA REICHARDT JUDITH RIDDICK VIRGINIA ROTHERT Rose Sparrow CATHERINE SCHMELTZ PAGE SEBRELL IRENE SIBERT STELLA SMITH JENNIE SNEAD ALMA STANWORTH HELEN STARKE SUSIE STARKE CONSTANCE STEARNES HELEN TAIT ELIZABETH TAIT ETHEL THOMAS KATHLEEN WATKINS LELIA WARD BUENA WELTON EDITH WILSON KEITH WHITTET

THE CLUBS THOT ORE BROUGHT JBMH_









COTILLION CLUB



M THE SPINSTER-1914 19





KATHARINE JUDKINS
EUGENIA DAVIS
NELL CAVE
GERTRUDE CONN
ALICE BURDETT
FLORINE POWELL

REBAH ARMISTEAD EUGENIA BARRINGER LORENE HAZELRIGG HELEN McCOY JOSEPHINE HIPKINS MARY BUCKINGHAM

JUDITH RIDDICK

M THE SPINSTER-1914



The A. D. A.'s

Council of Ancients

GRANDPA MUSE

OLD MAN WAKEFIELD

OLD LADY CHAMBERS

Adas in Collegio

ADA RUSBY

ADA CAVE

ADA HIX

ADA DELK ADA BOND

ADA EDWARDS ADA BARRINGER ADA DELK ADA BURTON ADA WRIGHT ADA CAMP ADA PINKSTON

ADA ESTES COCKE

Adas in Facultate

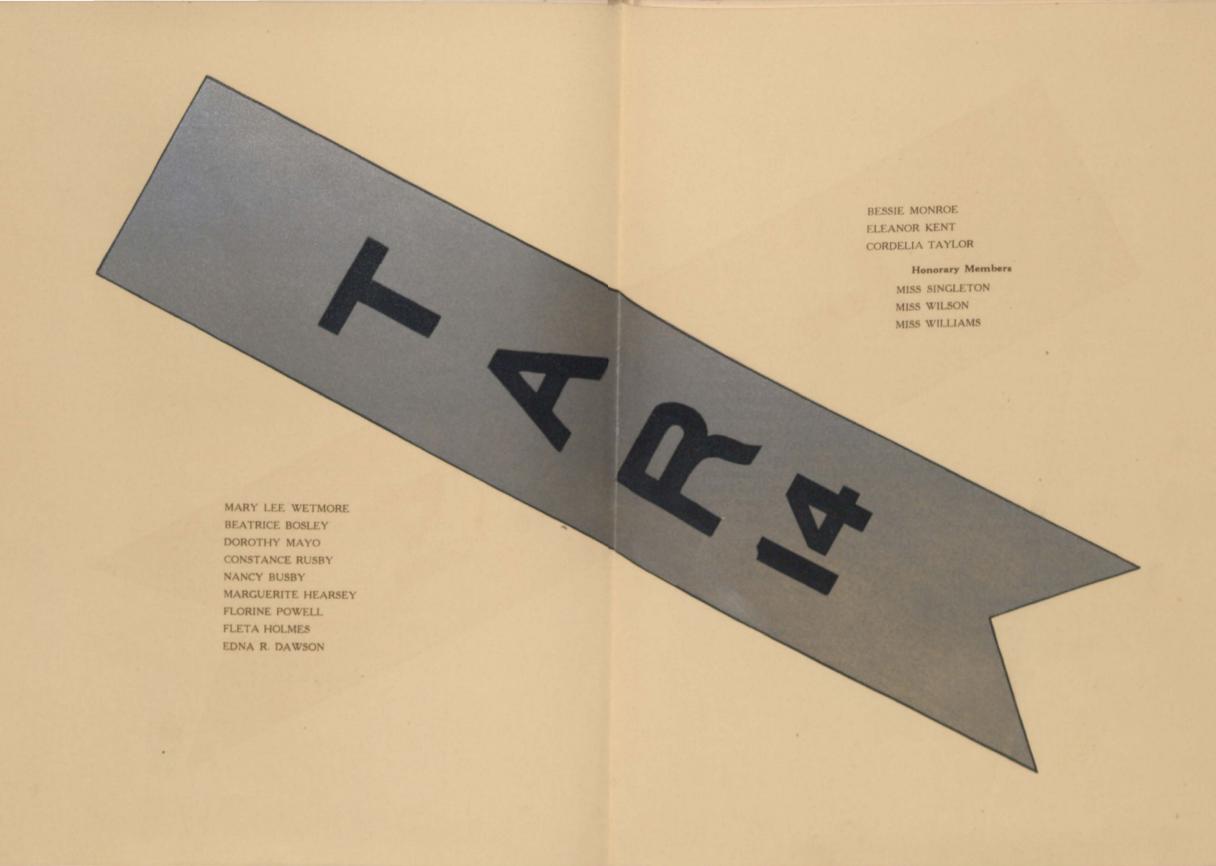
ADA SINGLETON

ADA SUSIE COCKE AND FAMILY

Members on Whom the Honorary Degree of A. D. A. Has Been Conferred

BEN GREET, A-D-A CHARLES WASHBURN, A-D-A WILLIS COBB HAGAN, A-D-A MRS. COBURN, A-D-A HUGH HAGAN, A-D-A LUCIAN COCKE, A-D-A

DINNIE RATH, A-D-A



A Will and a Way

T was noon hour in the little valley camp and the heat waves shimmered dizzily over the clearing. On a little knoll under a large tree stood a small, rough frame building, reflecting the hot rays of the sun from its unpainted walls and corrugated iron roof. At the other side of the clearing huddled a cluster of palm-thatched huts. close under the protecting shade of the forest. Back among the trees the mules and horses stood, heads down, asleep or lazily munching their feed. Here and there lay the dirty native workmen asleep. Far up on the side of the mountain, where the growth had been cleared away, the openings of the mine and the bared cliffs lav baking in the sun.

Inside the little shack lived the foreman of the camp, Dick Coleman, and his assistants, Jim Leslie and Tom Hardy. To-day there was silence within as well as without, broken now and then by the rustle of papers and the scratching of a pen. In the center of the room opposite the door, where he could catch the slightest breeze, lay Tom Hardy, stretched out in a canvas steamer chair, poring over the society columns of a month old New York paper, which had just come. Near the door, on an empty box, sat Dick Coleman, figuring on a scrap of paper, absorbed in what he was doing and yet attentive to the slightest sound. In the hammock on the porch lay Jim Leslie, sunburned and like the others well built and athletic. He was looking over a bunch of letters that had just come from the States and had been brought in that day by the weekly mail carrier from the nearest town, ten miles away,

As he opened a letter, a startled exclamation broke from him; he hastily looked it over and then with an odd expression of dismay, bewilderment, and joy, he jumped up. Dick had looked up from his figuring at the first sound and now, with a look of affectionate interest in his deep blue eyes, he asked quietly,

"Why, what's up, Jim?"

"I don't know what you fellows'll say, but—but—my sister's coming—" "Your sister's coming here?" and Tom, his dark face losing its indifferent look, jumped up excitedly. "Why, why-

"Oh, Tom; sit down and let Jim finish," and Dick pushed Tom back into his chair. "Go on, Jim."

THE SPINSTER-1914

"Well, you see, it's this way. You know Beth and I only have each other. I sort of brought her up and since I left she's been living with our aunt and uncle-Well. I guess you'll understand better from her letter, so I'll just read it," and Jim began:

"Dear Brother-I don't know what you will say, but I'm coming to see you and to stay for a while. I know you won't want me, but I've got to come. You know Uncle Tom died a few weeks ago and when his will was read we found he had left all his money to me if I'd be married inside of six months; so every one is trying to get me married—and I'd die before I married just for money or because people wanted me to. I'd sooner go poor, and be an old maid, and I will not"-"That's underscored," Jim looked up to say-"and I will not get married until I'm good and ready. I wouldn't inside of six months now, because every one is expecting it, even if I fell desperately in love, which I don't intend to do. But-to cut these ravings short-I'll arrive on the 15th. Lovingly,

There was silence again for a minute. Tom lay back in his chair, his small, wiry body relaxed, his brown eyes absently fixed on the rafters. Dick looked dreamily out the door across the blazing clearing, past the nipa huts to the heavily wooded hills beyond. Jim studied their faces,then looked at the letter; finally he looked up again and said;

BETH."

"Well, what am I going to do?"

Without taking his eyes off the glaringly hot picture outside. Dick

answered slowly:

"She is coming; that seems settled, for you've got to stand by herand though I hate to see a girl come here, she'll have to. To think of any man's putting a girl in that position!" and a deeper note rang in his voice, "I don't blame her, I'd run away, too. But," he continued slowly, "first of all we must fix up this office for her; we'll move into a nipa hut. I'll tell the native boss he can have a new house if he'll bring his wife and mother-in-law, grandmother, or whatever she is, here to camp.-Your sister'll be here on the 15th—that's day after to-morrow. Jim, you go to Arroya Naranjas to meet her, and we'll get ready. But say, Jim. can she ride that ten-mile trail?"

"Ride! I reckon she can! Why, Dick, she can ride and shoot

and-well, do most anything like that.



"That's good." Dick rose and paused a minute in the doorway, completely filling it, his head just grazing the top and his broad shoulders nearly touching the sides. Then he drew out his watch, saying:

"Time for the men to go back to work. We'll lay off from the mine

to-morrow and clean up while you go to meet her."

"Say," Tom burst out as they all left the office, "aren't you glad we'll have a girl to talk to? I speak to be on the entertainment com-

mittee, believe me!"

The next two days saw the camp take on a different aspect. The office was transformed into an airy little bungalow, fitted up as best the men could with their make-shift furniture. Two palm thatched huts sprang up and the men's cots were put in one of them. An order to clean up produced a great change in the looks of the workmen's row and by night of the second day the whole place was ready.

Shortly before midnight the boys were awakened by Jim's unexpected

return. Both instantly sat up and Tom blurted out sleepily:

"Didn't she come?"

"Yes."

"Is she all right?" broke in Dick.

"Sure, and asleep by now, I guess. She preferred to ride over by night rather than sleep in that pig pen of a hotel, so we came right on."

By the time he had finished this explanation, Jim had rolled over on

his cot, and silence reigned.

When Jim awoke at dinner time next day, he found Beth already well at home, sitting in the hammock on the porch of her bungalow. She was tall and slender, not beautiful but oddly pretty, with the unusual combination of blue eyes and black hair; every movement and expression was intensely alive. At her feet sat Tom, admiringly watching her, while Dick stood silently leaning against the side of the door.

"Oh, Jim!" she called out as soon as she saw him coming, "you're so lazy! I've been up for ages and have been all over the camp—and I know Candida and Maria," with a wave of her hand towards the native women in the nearby "mess hut." "And I met Mr. Tom and Mr. Dick," smiling at both of them, "and by reductio ad absurdum we recognized each other. They're going to take me to the mine this evening."

"You bet we are," agreed Tom.

"Whew! You've got as much energy as I ever saw-just wait until

THE SPINSTER-1914



you've been in this hole a while and then see if you want to do all that in one day," and Jim laughingly shook his head at her.

"Comida," called Candida from the roofed but wall-less dining room,

and Beth, escorted by Tom, led the way to the table.

And so the days passed—days of work but of fun, too, for Beth added spirit to everything. She kept the camp affairs running smoothly, and because they knew she liked it, the workmen kept the whole place clean and brought in rare flowers and ferns for her. She went to the mines and watched. She hunted and explored with the three when they could get away and was as good a shot and horseman as any of them. As Tom said, "She's a dead game sport." At nights they talked and sang, but when she left them the boys were silent or talked only of mine affairs.

One morning, after the usual early breakfast, she called Jim back as the men went out for the horses.

"Jim," she laughed, "do you know what date this is?"

"Date?" he looked up at her mystified as she stood on the steps above him, as sunburned as he, "why no, Beth, I haven't the slightest idea."

"Well, then, Jim, it's five months since I arrived—the six months of the will are passed and—the money is gone. So here's the will," and she handed him the legal document. "You can keep it as a proof of your good upbringing influence on your little sister and of her strength of character." She made him a mock bow, then in a more serious tone went on, "But there is no further need of my staying here, so if you don't want me—I—I can go back now."

"Go back! Why, Beth, I don't know what we'd do without you; but—" as his glance took in the rough buildings, the natives going to work, and came back to her, so refined and dainty, "but I expect you'll be wanting to—"

"Oh! but Jim, I don't want to go, and if I'm not a bother, please, I want to stay. But—on your honor, now; since there is no necessity of my staying here—am I a bother? Do you want me?"

"Yes, on my honor-we not only want but need you. Stay."

As the boys brought the horses up Beth jumped on and rode off ahead with Dick, as they had planned to go to the farther opening of the mine, while Jim and Tom were going to the nearer one.

It was supper time when Jim and Tom returned to camp, hot and



tired, expecting to see Beth, cool and fresh, waiting for them, but no Beth nor Dick appeared. Supper time passed but still they did not come. About nine Jim began to get a little worried, though both he and Tom felt that Dick was perfectly capable of taking care of Beth and himself in any emergency, and recently these two had been late several times in coming in.

Soon after ten, when the moon had just appeared above the mountain, they heard horses and in a minute saw the couple coming up the trail from town. Silently Dick helped Beth from her horse, led her to the steps, and said quietly:

"Boys, let me introduce my wife."

For a moment they stood in amazed silence, then Tom and Jim looked at each other and sank, convulsed with laughter, on the steps. Beth looked at them in bewilderment, then said:

"Well, I'd like to know what's so funny about us."

At the sound of the hurt tone in her voice, Jim sobered up a little. "But, Beth, we're not laughing at you, but—but—you did exactly what you said you wouldn't."

"Said I wouldn't? Why Jim! I don't know what you mean."

"Well, if you'll just re-read this will," drawing the document from his pocket, "you'll find it's dated from December instead of November—so the six months isn't up, and—you're married—and—and so you've got the money."

"Jim!-I don't believe you!"

She snatched the crumpled will from his hand, and by the light of a match that Dick held up, she re-read it. Then slowly, with a tired catch in her voice, she turned:

"Oh, Dick!-then I've done it!"

"Never mind, Beth; we didn't know-"

"I know we didn't—but people won't know that and they'll think we did it just for the money—and—and after I'd said I wouldn't—"

She collapsed on the lower step, her head on her arms. Dick was beside her instantly.

"But, Beth-"

"Oh, don't, Dick—I'm—I'm not sorry. It's—it's just because I've done just what every one expected me to, and when I'd said I wouldn't."

DOROTHY MAYO.







Q Bachelor's Romance. The Spinster Stock Company Nov 3, 1913.

Hollins Theatre

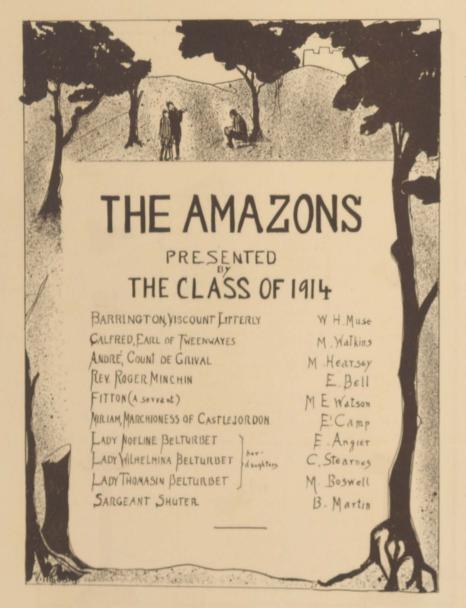
Cast

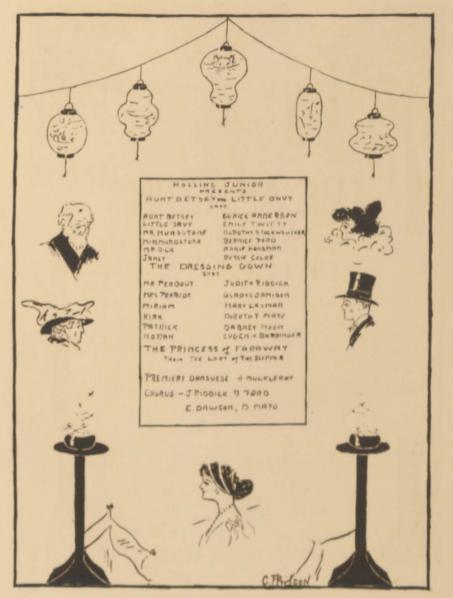
David Holmes	literary critic of the "Review"	W.Mus
Gerald Holmes	his brother	B. Monroe
Martin Beggs	David's secretary	G. Scaling
Harold Reynolds	on the staff of the "Review"	B. Wright
Archibald Savage	Lytton a literary man	K.C. Wakefield
Mr. Mulberry ar	antique literary man	B. Martin

Helen Le Grand Harriet Leicester Miss Clementina Sylvia

David's sister, widew a society girl a maiden lady David's ward.

Elizabeth Edwards Eugenia Barringer Anna Muckelroy Beatrice Bosley







THE RIVALS

AS PRESENTED BY

THE FACULTY

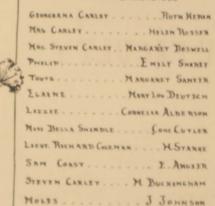
SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE	DA AV. Bishop
CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE, his som	MR Enich RATH
BOB ACRES	MR J. A. TURNER -
SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER	MR. M. Estes COCKE.
FAUKLAND	
Thomas, COACHMAN	
FAG, SERVANT TO CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE	
DAVID, SERVANT TO MR ACRES	
MRS. MALAPROP	
Lyara LANGUISH, her NICCE	
JULIA MELVILLE, LYDIA'S COUSIN	
Lucy, Ly DIA'S MAIO	
TIME: 1775	





HER OWN WAY

PRESENTED BY
THE EUZELIAN STOCK, CoCAST OF CHARACTERS

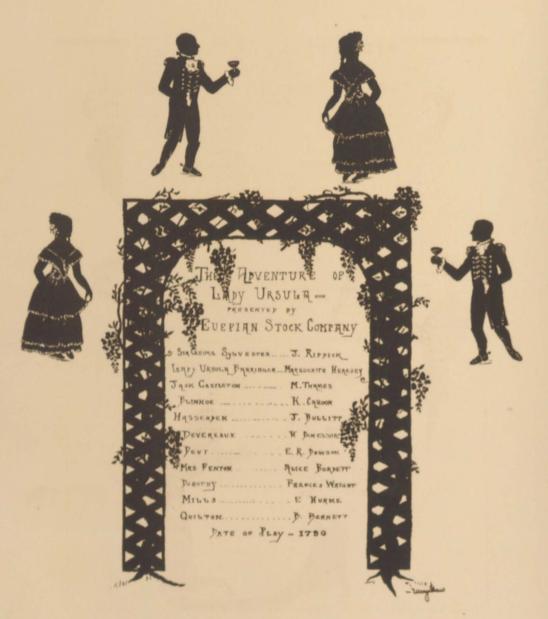




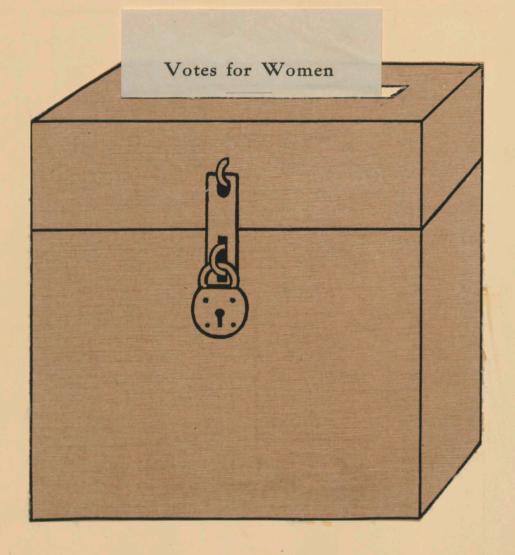














Odds and Ends From Old Spinsters

THE SPINSTER, 1898

HOLLINS HYMN

Air-"Jerusalem the Golden"-Ewing

Girt round with noble mountains, Upreaching to the skies, Held close to Nature's bosom, Our dear old Hollins lies; So peaceful, so secluded, So far from worldly strife, To all an inspiration Unto a nobler life.

With him who was to Hollins Creator, builder, guide, Our loyal love and reverence Shall evermore abide. For teachers tried and faithful, For friendships strong and true, We have, beloved Hollins, For these to thank thee, too.

When from thy halls, dear Hollins, We're scattered far and wide, Thy Spirit bearing with us, Oh! may it be thy pride, That from each home we've entered A woman's love has flowed Unto our Alma Mater, Our country, and our God.

Votes for Women

1.	Most beautifulLucy Hix
2.	Most stylishLois Hickson
3.	Most talented Estelle Angier
4.	Best actress
5.	Most democratic JUDITH RIDDICK
6.	Best all 'round MARGUERITE HEARSEY
7.	Most altractive KATHARINE JUDKINS
8.	Most original ANNA MUCKLEROY
9.	Most athletic ESTELLE ANGIER
10.	CutestCARL PINKSTON
11.	Most intellectual EDNA BELL
12.	Most reliable MARGUERITE HEARSEY
13.	Best dancerLois Hickson
14.	Most popularJUDITH RIDDICK
15.	Most enthusiasticCARRIE BURTON
16.	BrightestEDNA BELL
17.	Sweelest BEATRICE BOSLEY
18.	Most capableMarguerite Hearsey
19.	Most momanly MARGUERITE HEARSEY
20.	Musician MARY LEE WETMORE

COMIN' THRO' THE HALL

Gin a lassie meet a lassie Comin' thro' the hall, Gin a lassie greet a lassie, Need a teacher call?

Chorus

Ilka lassie has a "darling,"

Nane ha'e I at all;

And yet the teachers interrupt

Our comin' thro' the hall.

Gin a teacher meet a lassie
Skippin' out at night—
Gin the teacher "squelch" the lassie,
Tell me, is it right?—Cho.

'Neath Hollins shade there is a maid
I dearly lo'e mysel';
But whence she comes or where she roams
I dinna care to tell.—Cho.

AFTERWORD

Now, while she has the chance, The Spinster wants to thank all the officers, students, and friends who have been so kind to her—and they are by no means few—and, especially does she straighten her cap, and settle her glasses, and bob her corkscrew curls most earnestly, as she expresses her great indebtedness to Professor Turner, of Alleghany, who has shown her—oh, courtesies innumerable. Her first year has been a favorable one, and for the sake of old Hollins she is going to try, in the coming years of her life, to be what might possibly be called a paradox—a Spinster that will never grow passé!

M THE SPINSTER-1914

THE SPINSTER, 1899



Frontispiece—Spinster and Bachelor

THE SPINSTER, 1900

THE TWELVE COMMANDMENTS OF HOLLINS

Thou shalt not use thy roommate's brush-This is a crime, indeed: Thou shalt not wear thy neighbor's clothes, Nor yellow novels read.

Thou shalt not from the window lean On Sunday nights thou shalt not talk, And flirt with strangers gay, Nor hang around the door; To higher things thy mind should tend Thou shalt not skip at dead of night On holy Sabbath day. Upon a creaking floor.

> On singing books thou shalt not sit, Unless thou shouldst oppress The sacred hymns that dwell therein And the leader thus distress.

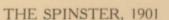
Thy friend's washrag thou shalt not use-This is a stringent rule Which should be kept, we have been told, "By a wayfaring man, though a fool."

Thou shalt not steal thy neighbor's bath, If righteous thou wouldst have her grow, For cleanliness and godliness Are virtues that together flow.

A rule to bear in mind, Lest on thy quarterly report Demerits thou shalt find.

Thou shalt not to thy meals be late- In reading room thou must be mum, All talking must eschew, And do to others as thou wouldst That they should do to you. K. B. T.

THE SPINSTER-1914



SOME YEMASSEE AND MOHICAN SONGS AND YELLS OF 1901

Yemassee

Chicka, chicka, chow! Bicka, bicka, bow! Chicka, chicka, quack! Red and Black! Rah!

We will beat you, We'll defeat you. We, the winning Red and Blacks, Alas for you.

You'll get the game, girls, Where the chicken got the ax?

Tune—Clementine

At the ball game on Thanksgiving When the Crimson players win, Then the rooters and the tooters All must holler just like sin!

Chorus

Rah! for Crimson! Rah! for Crimson! Of all others we're ahead. We will hold the cup forever, Three cheers for Black and Red!

Mohican

YELL-Tune-Bugle Call

Hoola, hoola, hoola for the Blue and the Gold! Hoola, hoola, hoola for the Blue and the Gold!

SONG-Tune-"A Hot Time"

Oh, you may hear the Crimson shout That they are going to win, And they think there's none like Carney To put the ball right in;

But when we have our Mallory With us upon the field, Let the Crimsons go to thunder, For we'll never, never yield!

When you hear those horns go toot-a-toot, All join in and loudly we'll root, And when the game is over In chorus all join in, There'll be a hot time in Hollins to-night.

THE SPINSTER, 1902

To Mr. TURNER:

"Full oft they laughed with counterfeited glee At all his jokes, for many a joke had he."

The Business Manager of the SPINSTER had been over to Roanoke to consult Mr. Stone about the publication of the book, and was giving the other members of the staff the benefit of their decision:

"Mr. Stone says that he will send us a mummy, and for us to arrange the pictures and articles in it, just as we want them in the SPINSTER."

THE SPINSTER-1914

THE SPINSTER, 1903

DARLINGS

Listen! hark!
Corner dark.
Place to meet,
Oh, how sweet!
Look in face,
Fond embrace,
Clinging kiss,
Perfect bliss!
Never work,
Study shirk—
Walk on bridge,

On mountain ridge.
Never weary,
Life not dreary—
Loves her much,
Nowhere such!
Pretty pair,
Very rare.
If you please,
Who are these?
Why Darlings!

F. WAIT.

DEEDS AND SAYINGS WHICH HAVE MADE GREAT PEOPLE FAMOUS

Struggle for Privileges—Senior Class. Ventilation—"Exactly"—Miss Terrell. A year at Vassar and a trip to Europe—Miss Parkinson.

When Seniors know their German "gut,"
Then Dr. Kusian talks
Of Goethe, Schiller, anything,
As 'round the room he walks.

But when they don't—"Es thut mir leid!"
He hears it every word!
And there are adjectives and nouns
Of which they never heard.

Help Wanted-Males! Boys! Boys!! On Special Design.

Mules! Asses! Donkeys!

A big ship went around at a moment's notice. I always have a large and well selected group on hand for private use.

DR. A. T. L. KUSIAN.

Stranger (who has just arrived at Hollins as the four o'clock bell rings): "Why, what are all these baby carriages doing on this campus?" Schoolgirl (indifferently): "O, that's the older Naughty-Naughts preparing to take the babies out for some fresh air."

THE SPINSTER-1914

THE SPINSTER, 1905

AN APOLOGY FOR DARLINGS

While the warm blood bedews my veins An unimpaired remembrance reigns, Resentment of some girls' remarks Shall in my sensitive soul remain; And spite of my insulting foe My parodizing verse shall flow. Mourn, fellow sufferers, mourn Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn!

We did but wish an August moon To shine upon our little spoon; We thought perchance a kiss to share, To tell each other how much we "care"; But other eyes were there to watch, Other ears our tale to catch, So mourn, fellow sufferers, mourn Our banished peace, our laurels torn!

There's but a bond of love between Two girls who have each other seen And told this love 'Neath stars above. To prove their long and lingering walks, And long and moony, spoony talks-So mourn, fellow sufferers, mourn Our banished peace, our laurels torn!

To you who love not clear, pale moons, And short and sweet, ecstatic spoons, And ne'er have long and lingeringly kissed, You have no idea how much you've missed. And I think to you I've made it clear We stand to back our points here. And mourn, fellow sufferers, mourn Our banished peace, our laurels torn! BRENT WITT. 177



"For dreaming, dreaming is one of the worst of arts, Whether you dream of diplomas, or whether you dream of ----."

THE SPINSTER-1914



THE SPINSTER, 1907

Here's to those who squelch us, If we only cared, And to those we'd like to squelch
If we only dared!

Be a Joker and the school jokes with you; Masker, and you mask alone.

Here's to the Phi Mu Gammas-May the largest chapter they have ever had Be the smallest of the years to come.

Here's to the daring skipper-May she always find her teachers Where Cain found his wife-in the Land of Nod!

Here's to the dearest of all things on earth-Dearest, priceless, and yet full of worth; Drink to her, toast her, your banners unfurl— Here's to the Peerless—The Hollins Girl!

THE SPINSTER, 1908



EVOLUTION OF THE BILL.

M THE SPINSTER-1914

THE SPINSTER, 1909

GRANDDAUGHTERS OF HOLLINS

Granddaughters of Hollins truly are we, And just as proud as proud can be Of our long descent and our right to claim A special love, in our mother's name. We like to think of the olden days, When our mothers dear knew all the ways, And with springing step and lightsome heart, In Hollins work and fun took part: And we love to see their faces glow With memories sweet of long ago, As they talk the old ways o'er and o'er, And fancy makes them girls once more. O, Hollins Mother, dear and sweet, Let us to kneel at thy dear feet. Teach us the way thou know'st so well Wherein pure peace and pleasure dwell, And when we err and would forget, O, hold us closer, closer yet!

THE SPINSTER-1914

THE SPINSTER, 1910

"I don't understand it, the school is all mad;
The good are all wretched, the happy—all bad;
Have darlings? You rue it,
And yet, not to do it,"
Murmurs the maiden, "seems equally sad,
Too bad, too bad!
I don't understand it, the school is all mad," she said,
And wisdom, unheeded, nodded his head.

Speak to that girl—I tell you no! She's not a T. A. R.—let her go; I can't spare the time, it's no use to try, She's only a Dragon—let her die.

If one can capture ribbons, pumps, dress, She can be a Phi Mu rapture, that's what they think best.

THE SPINSTER, 1911

FROM THE "YEAR'S ALPHABET"

A is for Ada, it oft might be worse That the first should be last, and the last should be first.

M is for Mummy—do try to get in, It's quite inexpensive; their badges are tin.

R is for Rising Bell, heartless it seems, For 't will oft bring you down from the land of your dreams.

V is for Vote in Society cast, And for Visitors, too, who're done speaking at last.

M THE SPINSTER-1914

THE SPINSTER, 1912

Handy Spandy, Jack-a-Dandy, Loved Hershey bars and stick candy, She bought some at McLaughlin's store— Now she is dead, she'll eat no more.

If all the classes were English
And all the parallel French,
What would we do but languish
And sit on the mourner's bench?

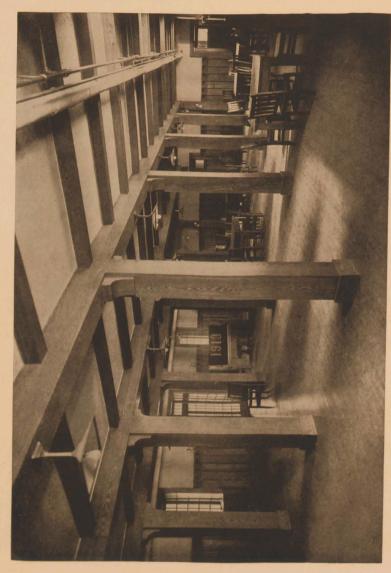
THE SPINSTER, 1913

Hollins' climate seems to favor Rapid mushrooms growing; For daily there are springing up Clubs beyond all knowing. "What's that walking on the campus?" Asks a Senior bold. "Oh, you're too young to know," she hears, "You really can't be told." "Climate's favorable," we said, And growth is very rapid. There are Bells and Pills and Owls and Jugs, And others unrelated. And may we venture to inquire, If 't would not be too bold, What will follow on the program When these have grown old?

Kodak Contest

Spinster Guessing Contest

Prize		"When	Goat	Hood w	vas in Flower"
MARGARET	BORDEN			RUTH	MONROE



THE "KELLED"

THE HOLLINS MAGAZINE

GOSSIP NUMBER

A Word to the Wise (Poem)
Her Visiting Brother (Illustration)
Jokes
The Inside of the P. A. N
Jokes (Illustration)
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The Band and the Badge
Ads.

VOLUME ONE

GOSSIP NUMBER

The Hollins Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

The Tea Drinkers and Scandalous Illiterary Societies

OF

HOLLINS COLLEGE

Yearly from November to June, Inclusive

AT HOLLINS, VIRGINIA



PRICE: TWO DOLLARS AND A HALF A LOOK

1913

1914

Hollins Magazine

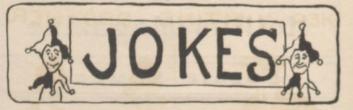
GOSSIP NUMBER

A Word to the Wise

The Spinster was almost ready for press,
But still the Staff was full of great distress;
For after all our toil and all our strife,
Here was a Spinster quite devoid of life.
We ground out "hits" and manufactured "rubs,"
Slammed both the infant and the ancient clubs
To no avail—till we were wont to nag,
And chose as victim, then, the Hollins Mag.

ENVOI

So here you have our tale—and we have yours, Therefore don't lose your temper at the scores Of things herein our Book said to your face, For we—you know—must somehow fill up space!





HER VISITING BROTHER.



"AS HE SEEMS AND AS HE FEELS,

Jokes

Weenie Davis, in observation car of Memphis Special: "That girl pretty? Why her mouth would spoil Venus D' Apollo!"

Strange convulsions seize the young man in the next chair.

10 M

Aunt Molly, seeing Dena Barringer walking up the hall: "Say, honey, ain't ye got no clothes to sell? You looks like they'd jest fit me!"

The Inside of the P. A. N.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Della T. BakerRather	old-maidish
Phyllis M. Garrison A girl of vari	
Katherine DelhamAffectionate	
Gène O. PackardAn only child-for	nd of dress
Sarah S. SampsonRather s	serious girl
Phoebe MuirOne of a very la	arge family
Laura Rowe A spoilt	only child
Bess S. Osmond A very	young girl

A Play in One Act

Time-1914

Place-Hollins

(The eight members of the P. A. N. Club are assembled in Gène's room. They are sitting around on the floor, beds, chairs, windows, etc. The room is attractively decorated in banners, skulls, and young men's pictures. Gène is standing on a jumbo; i. e., shirtwaist box, in front of center window.)

Gène: "Girls, I called you all together to talk about the new girls that came last week. Do you want them for P. A. N.'s?"

Bess: "They're cute-Fannie Justeer has the most adorable smile."

Katherine: "Yes, and it's an awfully good plan to take them in young. They can be trained up in the right way."

Phoebe: "But has she any brains to train? I haven't heard of any remarkable progress on her part in the class-room."

Phyllis: "Oh! let the brains go, Phoebe. The poor little things have been here exactly one week, and if you think we are going to wait until the next quarter marks are read, you are much mistaken."

Gène: "Please don't you all fuss. Let's get down to business. I really haven't had time to see anything of her, but she seemed to have lots of style." Sarah (hopelessly): "Style! what is this place coming to? I certainly agree with Phoebe that we don't want to take in any dainty-faced idiots. Still, I do not believe in absorbing the Freshman Class."

Phoebe: "I came from a large family, and I'm proud of it. There are about two dozen at my home, counting all the cousins and stepchildren" (looking at Sarah). "You just don't know the advantage of having a large family. All of your sisters are married, and I wouldn't be surprised if you weren't engaged yourself!"

Della: "I don't want any flock of goats, either, but I don't suppose one or two more will hurt. I've adopted Laura's policy of rearing them from the cradle. It's a good one, isn't it, Laura? I adore children, especially little girls."

Gène: "What are the new girls' named?"

Bess: "Fannie Justeer, oh! she's so cute, and she knows--"

Every One: "Go on, tell us their names."

Bess: "Agnes Newman and Mary Freshley. They say Freshley's awfully smart and Agnes seems to be quite popular and is very athletic."

Gène: "I wasn't particularly struck with Freshley's looks. She has such an obsolete way of fixing her hair."

(Groans from Sarah and Phoebe.)

Sarah: "Well, I think that little Justeer mutt acts as if she expected every one of us to fall on her neck. She goos over me at a terrible rate."

(Loud discussion. Every one trying to analyze the respective characters of the newcomers—going into such details as the color of their hair, the number of men's photographs on their bureaus, the amount they spent at the store last Saturday, etc.)

Gène (stamping on jumbo): "Girls, please listen. Now, we can't do this way, each one fighting every one else. Please let's try to work together."

(Silence reigns.)

Laura: "Yes, you know I believe that would be a good

plan. It is sinful the way we almost hate each other when it comes to taking in new members."

Sarah: "It surely is. I am good and ready to give up the fight. I really don't believe I could stand this much more."

Phoebe: "I am sure none of us have any real ill-feeling against each other."

Phyllis: "Certainly not! We are just a pack of selfish infants."

Della: "This sudden burst of fellow feeling seems unnatural, but let's make the best of it while it lasts—"

Katherine: "Or rather make it last forever."

Gène: "Let's conduct the meeting with a little more form and order than before, and not have such loud and vehement controversies."

Bess: "Madame President, I would like to submit for approval the name of Miss Fannie Justeer."

(Every one laughs.)

Gène: "Bess, you've certainly taken the lesson to heart, but that's business, all right. Are there any oppositions to Fannie Justeer?" (Silence.) "Does every one want her?"

Phoebe: "I've changed my mind—don't believe I want her. I'll let you know in a second." (Turning to Della) "Give me that paper and pencil, I want to work out a few statistics."

(Slight disturbance in meeting while Katherine and Laura soothe Bess, who has gone into hysterics.)

"What do you all think of Mary Freshley? She knows more about English than Carlyle himself."

Sarah: "She's a kind of girl that's going to come out a great deal in school."

Katherine (after whispering to Bess): "I'm not 'specially anxious for her."

Sarah: "Why?"

Katherine: "Er-because-er-she has such peculiar feet!"

Bess (raising up): "Yes, and she weighs about two hundred pounds."

Phoebe: "I've finished my figuring. If you'll let in Freshley, I'll give you Fannie."

Bess (all smiles): "Sure! Come here and let me kiss you."

Katherine: "All right!"

Gène: "All those in favor of Agnes Newm-" (Everybody jumps up.)

All: "We all want her." Gène: "Great! So do I."

Laura: "Oh, let's start rushing them right now. I adore to rush."

Phoebe: "So do I."

Della: "Oh, horrors! I loathe it. I always go stark mad."

Laura: "Oh! I can give them a party up at Uncle Joe's new cottage; that will make such an impression on new girls."

Sarah: "I hear Fannie Justeer has a very sweet voice. Why doesn't some one ask her to join the Glee Club?"

Della: "Fine! I'll ask her to sit by me on the front row of the Choir."

Gène: "Speaking of singing—let's have a P. A. N. song." All: "All right."

Tune—"Peg o' My Heart"

"P. A. N. of all clubs I love you,
Most of all clubs I love you;
Your members dear,
Sisters fore'er,
Work untiring for your glory,
For your honor old in story.
P. A. N. of all clubs I love you,
Most of all clubs I love you;
May your fair name
Live as a flame
In our hearts."

(Curtain.)

The Wit of the Classroom

"Ca-chew!!"

Miss Agnes: "Miss Barringer, will you mind telling me what you are doing?"

Miss B.: "I sneezed, Miss Agnes-"

Miss Agnes: "Sneezed! Well, what do you mean by sneezing here in the most important part of the lesson?"

30, 30,

Sophomore (in English II): "Sheats and Kelley were two Individual Poets. Sheats was a great lover of beauty. He once put canine pepper on his tongue to feel the pleasurable effects of wine."

bt bt

Dr. Kusian: "Miss Moon got 87 on her comp., and Miss Hudson got 86—what landscape picture is this?"

The class doesn't know.

Dr. Kusian: "Moon-rise-on-Hudson."

10 M

Miss Snead: "Rosa, name eleven of Shakespeare's plays." Rosa: "Ten Nights in a Barroom and Macbeth."

M M

Miss W.: "What is the meaning of 'vice versa'?"

Freshman: "It means sleeping with your feet toward the head of the bed."

30, 30,

Miss R.: "Jacqueline, name an ancient Greek philosopher."

Jack. M.: "Salome."

.

Teacher: "I want to see attention, right now." Voice in Rear: "I think she's in the Infirmary."

In a recent examination the pupils were asked to give the principal parts of the verb "to skate."

May Hyslop wrote as follows:

"Skate, slipperi, fallerè, bumptum."

Miss Mary marked the paper thusly:

"Fail, failerè, flunxi, suspendum."

bt 10.

Thelma Jamison signed her exam. paper as follows:
"I have neither given nor received any assistance on this exam., though Heaven knows I need it."

e se

The opium dreams of De Quincy not only took him into the future but carried him into the far distant land of Hollins, for he says, "Thousands of years I lived and was buried in *Stone* coffins, with *Mummies* and *Sphinxes*, in narrow *Chambers* at the *Hart* of eternal *Pyramids*."

36 36

You are wrong!—this is not Flossie and her washwoman—it is merely





Flossie at 10:00 p. m. and Flossie at 10:00 a. m.

A Dew Disease

Ι

There're a few whose minds are hazy
On a subject rather new,
The disease we call "Starke-crazy";
It's laid hold of quite a few.

II

E'en the "Barnes" are sore afflicted With this raging malady, And the "Lyons" are addicted, Too—and howl tremendously.

III

And the "Fishes" "burn" with fever,
Contracted by the speed
With which at night they hurry
To keep within the lead.

IV

Still others procure posies,
And lay them at the shrine,
As every night they Mos(1)ey
To the cause of their decline.

V

And there 're some caught by the fever
Say they never gave a "Whit,
Nor" thought it anything but tommy "Rath"
To be thus afflicted by it!

VI

So you see the sad condition

We poor mortals have endured,

Yet we hope that with attention

All afflicted may be cured.

The Euzelian Play was a great success, though it left 2d floor West Starke-crazy. However, this effect was counteracted by the Euepian Play, which made it all the more Riddickulous. Some said it was a Bull(it)y play, others think that only Hearsey.

Contributors' Club

Mama (calling to little four-year-old Estes): "Has Bertha dressed the birds papa brought?"

Little Estes (from the kitchen): "No, mama, she's undressing 'em!"

Creat Intellect

Miss Agnes (in History III): "Now, Miss Bell, with what subject did our last lesson close?"

Miss Bell: "We were discussing the present Administration."

Miss Agnes: "Certainly—well now, what year is this?" Miss Bell: "Why—er, 1914."

Miss Agnes: "Exactly—and who is President of the United States?"

Miss Bell: "Woodrow Wilson."

Miss Agnes: "Precisely—and what political party is in power to-day?"

Miss Bell: "The Democratic."

Miss Agnes: "Certainly—Ah-h-h! There's some one who knows History."

Masker and Joker—Dere is you?

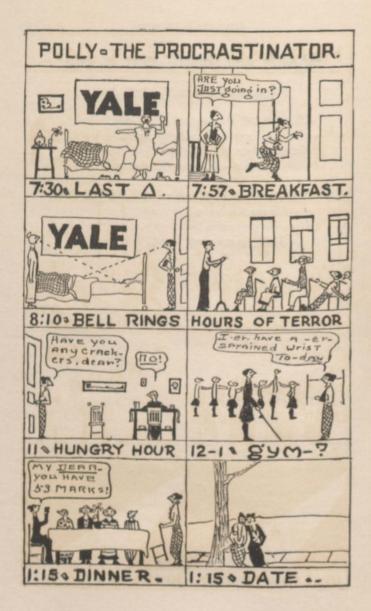
(With apologies to the little dog)

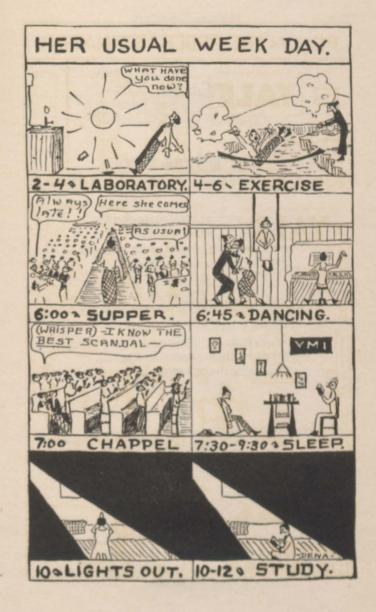
Oh, vere haf Masker und Joker vent?

Ach! zat does nobody know.

Mit dere fight las' fall dey did lef dis place—
Oh, vere—oh, vere did dey go?

Oh, Masker und Joker, ve velcome you back,
Ve iss scar't you'll nefer get findt,
If you'll jus' come back, zo you's almos' dead,
Ve'll promise zat ve vill not mindt.





Locals

The Holling Feber

1

What's the rage at Hollins to-day?

The question's easily told;

'T is the founding of new clubs, they say,

By those who can't make old.

2

Let's have a look at the various lot
Of Sphinx and Bells and Pyramids,
We'll stir all these around in a pot
And offer the new girls bids.

3

Now Sphinx was formed, they say—
Oh, don't breathe it to a soul—
By those whom Mummy's ray
Passed over as a whole.

4

The ringing Bells you hear, my dear,
Are the dead remains of yore;
They ring the funeral knell this year
Because they are so poor.

5

If a cross-mark you may see
On the dining wall as you pass,
Think of rings that used to be
Worn by S. H. S.—each lass.

6

But there's one that is so grand
In the eyes of poor K. I.,
They've a ring to join their band
Yet, in ignorance, pass each other by.

1

So this is the poor attempt
Made by this group of girls;
We hope in future they'll be exempt
From these silly social whirls.

Pledge Day

T

"Now the day is over,"

Was heard on every hand,

All the bids were answered,

They'd each increased their band.

II

When that morning wakened,
All the "frats" did, too,
Each did have a meeting
To see what they could do.

III

At ten, bids were delivered,
And right on thru the day,
The new girls looked quite worried
Trying to choose their way.

IV

The old girls were more worried,
Each group gathered in a room;
The Betas in East Building
Awaited with fear their doom.

V

In Main, above each other,
Phi Mu Gamma and Phi Mu
Near shook the very building,
Both so nervous thru and thru.

VI

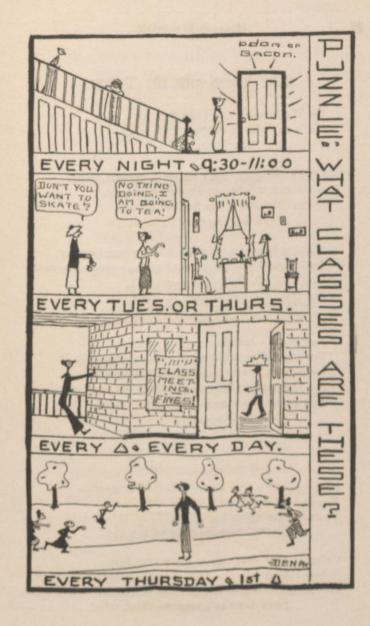
On third floor West were huddled Four "frats" whose names we know, Waiting with anxious longing The opening of their door.

VII

On second, Sigma sat alone
And waited for new friends,
For after such have come to one
Right there the suspense ends.

VIII

But now that day is over,
And every one's at rest,
Each confidently believing
That hers is quite the best.



The Band and the Badge

On Wednesday don't ask her for a date, She'll say she has others and relate, "It's Dragon."

On Wednesday don't sit on a certain stone, Some one might say in an undertone, "Doesn't she know that belongs alone To Dragon?"

And though you may think them passing fair;
And though you have heard of their fragrance rare,
Don't put dandelions in your hair,
For they are meant only to wear
On Dragons!

And if on a certain day in the week,
You should notice a band on a maiden chic,
I wouldn't advise you about it to speak,
For she may be listening, and think you a freak,
And by such a speech you haply might pique
A Dragon!

Snap goes the trap and a "mouse" is dead—
Fannie wears a "hair roll" in her head—
Thus the conversation of the T. A. R.'s is said,
Since the incarnation of the Rat!

Grim are their faces, their sharp eyes keen;
When Friday hits the 13th they wear serpent's green,
And wriggle 'round the campus with a monk-like mien,
Since the deification of the Snake!

The Dragon Team and the T. A. R.'s
Had a baseball game one day.
They played upon the Hollins green—
"Great Game!" all folks did say.

Captains Muse and Mayo took
Their places on the field
As pitchers, and great game they made
But neither one would yield.

For both these capt'ns were old in the game,
They'd pitched for many a year
Their favorite black balls, and they didn't care
If the rest of the team did fear.

The catchers, Muck and Bosley, masked
Their feelings to protect,
Caught just everything they could
Without chance to select.

As fielders, Monroe and Barringer
With one another vied,
To chase the ball, they both did seek,
O'er the diamond far and wide.

Wetmore was holding down first base,
With Bullitt at the bat—
The batter made a strike and shot
Straight by the first base rat.

Davis, striking a home run,
Got tripped up by a hole,
But Captain Muse yelled, "Davis, rise!
I know you saw your goal."

The game was won, the victors sung,
"Dragons will never die."
The T. A. R.'s had to postpone
Their snake dance till bye and bye.

The Hear-seys in the paper ran,
"Moon shines and wins her fame—
T. A. R.'s lose to Dragon team—
Kent doesn't yet know their game."



GRAND BARGAIN

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First-Class Case—Includes flowers and candy alternate weeks. Long notes once a day, written by most experienced darlingite. Play-fare paid, fruit left in room, occasional club sandwiches, and other flattering anonymous attentions. Guaranteed to thrill for \$10.00 per month.

Second-Class Case—Gives you slushy notes daily. Poems, sentimental love lyrics, weekly. Flowers and candy containing "gooey" cards from unknown admirer, once a month. All pains will be taken to carry on this case in a cute manner. Warranted not to bore! Only \$5.00 per month.

Third-Class Case—Sweet notes twice a week. No candy or flowers. However, bed will be made up and clothes loaned twice a month. (This class was established for the benefit of beginners who wish to perfect themselves in the gentle art of having a darling.) Hence only \$2.50.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—At four o'clock—	
Doughnuts25e	
Two-layer cake\$3.50	
Small lemon pies (without meringue)59c	
Candies15c a stick	
Come to Domestic Science Laboratory	

SALES AND EXCHANGES

Old Clothes and Second-Hand Shoes

FOR SALE—A cheap dark blue suit. Guaranteed not to wear longer than out of sight. This suit has been worn through many seasons, and is a historic remain of beauty.

Apply to MISS SONGBIRD, Cage 3, West.

FOR SALE—A wonderful bargain in an evening dress. Dimensions—16 in. waist; has been worn only every evening for a year. Apply to

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TO EXCHANGE—A much frayed and thoroughly used silk dress. Lacks only the hem and one sleeve—otherwise in perfect condition. Owner will change this for 10 cents' worth of fudge. Apply to the Ash-barrel.

FOR RENT—Waists, Suits, Skirts—all in the latest models. Will be rented on moderate terms. Only particular friends need apply to HICKS and HIX.

SALES AND EXCHANGES-Continued

FOR SALE—A full line of thoroughly worn-out baby waists and dresses, which will perfectly fit the dark element of Thursdays and Fridays. If too large can easily be taken in. Apply to FORT McHENRY.

FOR SALE—A large puff of hair, suiting the latest in coiffures. Removable when not desired in use; fully 20 inches in height and a great bargain to the lowest hair receiver. Apply to

L. WITCHHAZEL.

TO EXCHANGE, RENT, OR SELL—Latest Atlanta creations. Have been worn but once and are, therefore, utterly useless to owners. Will be stunning, however, on the lowest bidder. Bargain sale opens in Main and West.

Apply to MUSING F. HOLMES.

TO EXCHANGE—One black velvet coat with a fur collar. Suitable to attend classes, dances, and walking parties. Will sell cheap. Apply to

BIDDY O'MURPHY.

H THE SPINSTER-1914



Afterword

Dear Girls:

Here I sit in the little Hollins Station. The SPINSTER proof is beside me, looking very interesting and important with a Stone Printing Company envelope stuck through the cord that holds the big bundle together. I glance at it now and then as I sit here waiting for the train, and I can but wonder if you will like your SPINSTER. How anxiously I shall watch your faces on that day when you sit out on the front campus and, for the first time, turn over the pages of your 1914 year book. Do you know how we of the Staff feel about the SPINSTER? Well, I will tell you. We think of it as a real person, some one who is coming very soon to this beautiful land of Hollins to live with us, and bring to us all the dearest memories of our life this past year. Oh, will you each one hold in your heart a welcome for your SPINSTER!

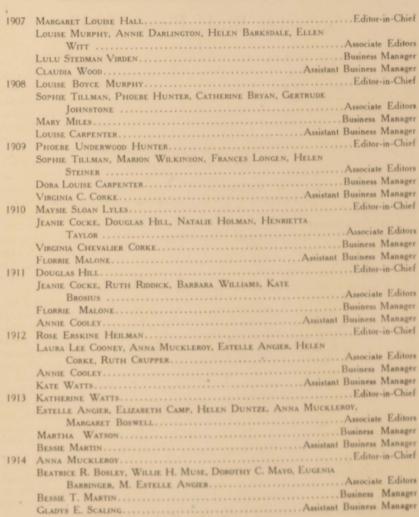
THE SPINSTER-1914

Spinster Staff From 1898

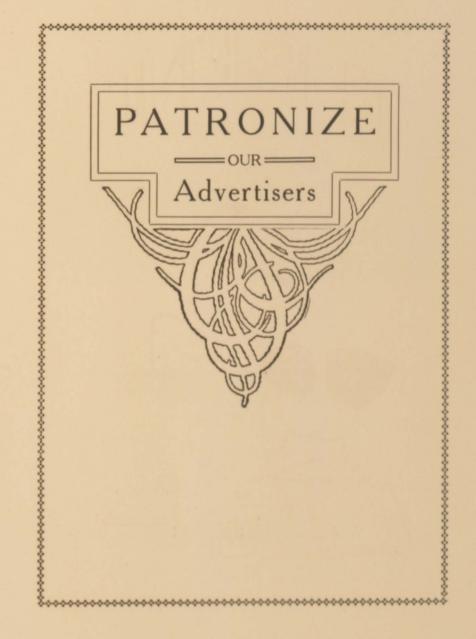
	THE DATE OF PUBLICATION OF THE FIRST SPINSTER, TO 1913
1898	Anna Cowan Gales Editor-in-Chief
	Rose Pleasants Cocke
	Gertrude Whiting
	BESSIE KENDRICK PEYTONBusiness Manager
	MARY ANTOINETTE JOHNS
1899	LOUISE WARD
	MINNIE FREEMAN, ETHEL WILLS, FLORA WEBSTER, ELLA FURMAN,
	JUSTINA BABB, ADELE STABLER, ELEANOR DINWIDDIE Associate Editors
1900	MINNIE T. FREEMAN Editor-in-Chief
	MARY C. KUSIAN, ETHEL WITHERSPOON
	CARRIE J. FULLER, KATHERINE B. TUPPER, FLORENCE BOOTH Associate Editors
1901	MARTHA WILLIAMSONEditor-in-Chief
	ALLENE TUPPERArt Editor
	SUSIE POLLARD, ETTA BLANCHARD, FRANCES WOOTERS
	KATHERINE TUPPERBusiness Manager
1902	AIMIE REEDEditor-in-Chief
	MARJORIE BOOTHArt Editor
	HENRIETTA HILL BLANCHARD, FRANCES LALLIE WAIT, MARY V.
	MASTERS
1903	MARY V. MASTERSEditor-in-Chief
	MARJORIE BOOTHArt Editor
	FRANCES WAIT, LUCILE M. CARTER, SARAH GRIFFIN
	Frances Warren Business Manager
	MARGARET McCalla
1904	LEONORA COCKE
	MARJORIE BOOTHArt Editor
	MARY SHEPPARD, ETTA REAVES, OLIVE SKEGGS
	Annie Clarkson
	MARGARET McCalla
1905	MARY J. CHANDLEREditor-in-Chief
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	LOLA SMITHBusiness Manager
	LALLIE LEE CARPENTER
1906	FRANCES KINGSLEY LICON
	Rose McGuire Satterfield, Flossie Floyd Denman, Elsie Field-
	ING MILES, BESS PORTER
	LALLIE LEE CARPENTERBusiness Manager
	VIRGINIA WILLINGHAM

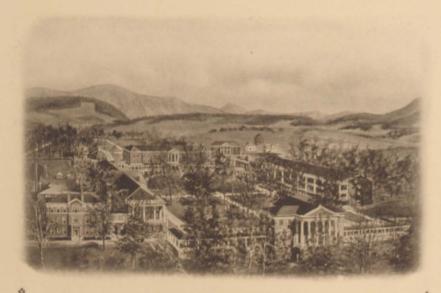
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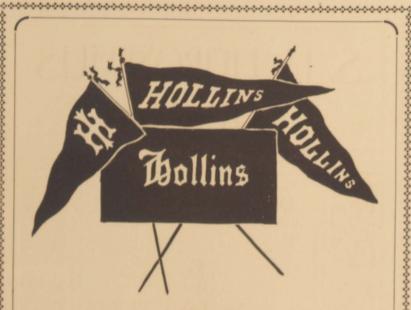
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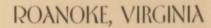
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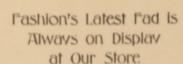
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